The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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PROSPECTUS and special notice to subscribers will be found on seventh page.

Our Special Contributors.

A LETTER FROM MRS. STOWE.

MILAN, Oct. 28, 1859.

We have passed three most delightful days in Milan—a beautiful city of itself, and now animated by all the hilarity and enthusiasm of recently recovered national independence.

One could not look into the street without seeing everywhere the tokens of the change that has redeemed the fair capital of Lombardy.

Our first glance, of course, when we rose in the morning, was from the balcony of our hotel toward the Cathedral, which rises, a labyrinth of fairy frost-work with its thousand snowy spires:—and there all, in the hand of the gilded Madonna that crowns the summit, waved a broad tricolored banner—the long forbidden green, red, and white of Italy. The street on either side displayed the flags of the same. In the shop windows one sees constantly memorials of the recent struggle. The pictures of Victor Emanuel and of the Emperor of the French, of Garibaldi and Count Cavour, figure side by side. In the shops we remarked tricolored ribbons, tricolored scarfs, tricolored jewelry, rings, buttons, brooches, ornaments for the hair—in short, it seemed astonishing to see the ingenuity of the devices by which the idea was repeated.

The city presents a most animated aspect, from the presence of the French army, who seem to be living in the closest intimacy with the Italian soldiery. Fifty thousand French are to winter in Lombardy, to be on hand for future events—whatever those may be. Besides this, we were informed by an Italian gentleman, that multitudes of families and individuals had flocked in from Venice, Verona, and other cities, in the regions which are still under Austrian rule. On asking for letters to Venice, the reply was, It is almost impossible to give you the address of any of the Liberals, for *all* who can possibly do it, come here to Milan.

One sees certain things in the very atmosphere and air of a place. One thing is quite evident, and that is, that the Italians at present seem to have the greatest confidence in the French, and regard them with enthusiastic gratitude as the saviors of the country.

While walking on the roof of the Cathedral, we noticed the lower statues perfectly covered with names and inscriptions scribbled in pencil. When we expressed our surprise, our guide, an Italian, answered with indulgence, "Ah, these poor fellows who have come here to fight for us, if they want to get a little renown by putting their names here, we must let them. . . . . We can clean the statues again by-and-by!"

There seems to be confidence reposed in Louis Napoleon as the protector of Italy. We stopped in the street near the Cathedral, where some tricolored *trinkets* were exposed for sale, and bought a locket *which had* the Sardinian arms and Italian colors on one side and a miniature of Victor Emanuel on the other. It was very small, and we were somewhat uncertain, and inquired if it were really the King of Sardinia. "Yes, it's Victor," the woman who sold them answered with a face full of satisfaction, "and this is the Emperor;—don't you want the Emperor too?" Unfortunately we did not—not sharing fully the confidence felt by her. An Italian gentleman of intelligence and education with whom we talked, said to us, One thing is certain; Victor Emanuel will know nothing of the peace of Villafranca; "——and if the Pope does not make concessions, the Emperor will withdraw the troops from Rome, and then the people there will take the power into their own hands." So people talk, and expect, and look to the future, though all agree that no decisive movement will be made this winter.

No man of modern times seems to have a more brilliant position opening before him than Victor Emanuel. In view of all that depends on him, one is glad to see that all his busts and pictures unite in giving him the signs of a nature of great vigor and force. He seems a strong man, made for *strong* work, and to possess the heart of the whole Italian people. That Italy should unite as one man, under such a King, is a thing almost too good to be hoped—a "scene surpassing fable." "Never before," said this gentleman to me, "were we all so united; now we could all come together in one if we were permitted. Poor Italy! they have not suffered her to show what she could do."

Speaking of "*poor Italy*," reminds me of a shop window where I saw silk handkerchiefs with tricolored borders in commemoration of recent events. One of them represents Italy as a beautiful woman, in the national peasant costume, kneeling in distress and raising imploring hands, while a French soldier is coming to her rescue. Another handkerchief bears Italian colors, with the motto "Defend the Independence of Italy."

The cities that yet remain under the Austrian yoke are like caged birds watching the flight of their free companions, or like hounds held in leash after all their fellows have gone to the chase. It is impossible that they should quietly submit—nothing could be more galling than the subjugation of Italians to Austrians. One could see that they might much easier be reconciled to the sway of a race congenial as the French; but the Austrians are their entire antipodes. They cannot understand the Italians, nor the Italians them.

We are going to-morrow to visit the field of Magenta, where was struck the decisive blow that freed Milan. We are all brimful of Italian enthusiasm, and I fancy this quick-witted people perceive it, for we get many smiles of good-will. Magenta and our peaceable adventures there, may serve for another letter. H. B. S.

Board of Education.—We trust that all Christians, and all true patriots in the city, will give special and earnest attention to the election of School Commissioners on Tuesday next. Such citizens as Messrs. *Robert A. Adams*, 16th Ward, *Henry A. Hurlbut*, 18th Ward, *James M. Tuttle*, 5th Ward, *David Gildersleeve*, 13th Ward, *James Cushing, Jr.*, 17th Ward, and others of like standing, ought to command the almost universal suffrages of their fellow-citizens, in view of their personal character. But these gentlemen have a higher claim in the fact that they are in favor of preserving the school system free from sectarian and political management. Messrs. Adams, Tuttle, and Cushing have long been in the Board; and the former presented the report against discontinuing the reading of the Scriptures in the schools.

Father Chiniquy in New York.—We are pleased to learn that the famous Canadian reformer, now fully converted from Popery, is expected to arrive in this city this day—Thursday—from Boston, and will address the public in regard to the condition and wants of the interecresting colony in Illinois. We hope his present application may be free from the untoward obstructions that defeated him on a former occasion.

THE DUTY OF PREACHING AGAINST THE SIN OF SLAVEHOLDING.

In Mr. Barnes's Work on Slavery there is a passage which conveys probably the very general, and all but universal, feeling that has been prevalent in regard to preaching against this sin. Mr Barnes says: "The people to whom I minister will bear me witness that I have not concealed my views from them on the subject of slavery. I have endeavored to give it the place which it appeared to me it ought to occupy in my ministrations in the circumstances in which I am placed. But my lot is not cast in a slaveholding community. I do not know that I have an advocate of slavery in my church, or that there is one who *statedly* attends on my ministry, who would willingly be the owner of a slave. I confess also that it seems to me that any one topic, except the Cross of Christ, however important in itself, may be introduced too frequently into the pulpit, and that undue prominence is given to this in many churches where slavery does not exist. I do not suppose that this occurs too frequently in those places where slavery *does* exist; but where the pen is free,—it is better to endeavor to influence the public mind in some other method than by making any one topic a very constant subject of discourse in the pulpit. Slavery, though a great evil, is not the *only* evil in the land. * * * * But I may be allowed to suggest that the prominent evils which we should assail in preaching are those which are near, and not those which are remote." Sentiments like these, whatever might be the intention of the author, are in effect an apology for not preaching against the sin of slavery. This is the very style adopted by those who have never preached against it at all on the Sabbath. They say, "Go South and preach. We have no slaveholders in our congregations. It is not a suitable subject for the Pulpit."

At the same time that Mr. Barnes furnishes this apologetic strain for the silence of Northern pulpits, he goes on to say that "there is at the North a hesitancy in speaking of slavery as an evil; a desire to apologize for it, and even to defend it as a Scripture institution, which by no means meets the convictions of the great body of men at the South, *and for which they do not thank us.* * * * * They little thank the professors in Theological Seminaries, and the pastors of the churches, and the editors of papers, and the ecclesiastical bodies at the North, who labor to convince the world that it is not an evil, and that it is one of the designs and tendencies of Christianity to rivet the curse on them for ever. * * * * There have been more published defenses of slavery from the Bible at the North, than there have been at the South." Mr. Barnes goes on to quote passages from the apologists and defenders of the system and the sin, and he closes the array with a letter from Prof. Stuart, in which he defends the "relation" of slavery as not *malum in se*, not sinful in itself. "The relation did exist, may exist. The *abuse* of it is the *essential and fundamental wrong*. . . . . The relation, once constituted and continued, is not such a *malum in se* as calls for immediate and violent disruption at all hazards. . . . . The relation of master and slave is not, as a matter of course, abrogated between all Christians. . . . . Slaves were *property* in Greece and Rome. That decides all questions about their *relation*."

These are the doctrines widely taught at the North. In effect, this is to say, that though slaveholding is man-stealing at first, by the law of God, and punishable with death, as a crime against God and man as sinful as murder, yet the relation, *once constituted and continued*, is not sinful in itself, and although sustained by laws in regard to which every voter in the United States has a responsibility, is not a sin which is the proper subject of preaching at the North, not a sin the reprobation of which ought to be made the direct and persistent object of the Christian Pulpit.

Accordingly, it has come to be considered a remarkable proof of moral courage, if a man simply *does not conceal his sentiments*, if he lets it be known that he is opposed to slavery, if he makes any such demonstration as shall cause it to be known that in his opinion slavery is sinful. Farther than that, it is thought that even Christian ministers need not go; it is a great thing if they do not conceal their sentiments. They are not required to give utterance to them, not living at the South; they are required, on the contrary, to avoid so agitating and disturbing a subject, taking warning by so many churches asserted to have been broken up and destroyed by abolition preaching.

Now under such teachings it cannot be considered surprising that a course of very mild treatment should have been adopted with this gigantic and remorseless iniquity, even on the part of those who really did peep against it; and, so far as the administration of occasional bread pills to *the system* was concerned, peeped with great peace and popularity.

"Do you mean to say that we have not uttered our condemnation of the system of slavery, or endeavored to give it the place which it appeared to us that it ought to occupy in our ministrations in the circumstances? You slander us if you say that our pulpits have not borne their testimony against slavery. Well, in what way?"

But have you preached the law and the Gospel, persistently, *on the Sabbath*, against slaveholding, as being, by the Word-of God, the sin of man-stealing? Would you not have called this using hard words, unkind, malignant, bitter preaching? Had you found any man whose anti-slavery or abolitionism in the pulpit was so radical or rabid that people called him mad, and were driven away from his pulpit as by hydrophobia; so persistent in the proclamation of God's Word against slaveholding as man-stealing, that his preaching emptied his pews, and made him unpopular; so that, indeed, *The New York Observer* pointed him out as insane, and *The New York Journal of Commerce* proposed to pass over his pulpit into the hands of some denomination that would make his congregation large and flourishing, seeing that, being in a fashionable part of the city, it was a violation of vested rights, an intrusion not to be endured, that in *such* a position a man's church should not be rich, numerous, and popular, and to be poor and unpopular a piece of most consummate insolence; would you not, in such a case, very likely have addressed him thus: My dear brother, *we* preach against slavery, and retain our popularity; and why can't *you*? We can let our people know our sentiments in regard to this sin, and against it, in five minutes, and there's an end of it. We have delivered our testimony, and have shown that we were not afraid to let our opinions be known, and that is enough. We don't see the need of stirring up such a strife and agitation; and in fact, the example of unpopularity in preaching abolitionism is very bad, it cannot be permitted, there must be an acrid, malignant temper at the bottom of it, and for the sake of the scores of eminently popular men who preach against slavery, it must not be supposed that great faithfulness in that kind of preaching would make a man unpopular. It is only rashness and malignity, bitterness, denunciation, and a horrible, vile, intolerable temper, that make your preaching unpopular. It is not your abolitionism. Though indeed we would not have you suppose that we sanction Abolitionism. Is Judge Jessup an Abolitionist? Is Doctor Tyng an Abolitionist? Is Doctor Gordon an Abolitionist? Have any of the rulers or of the Pharisees believed on him? Nay, we can show you a better way.

Now we have no doubt that there will come a time when even Abolitionism and the preaching of it will be popular; but in order that such a time may come, the Word of God must be proclaimed against slaveholding as sin, while such proclamation of the Gospel, especially on the Sabbath, is unpopular. That it is unpopular, that it stirs up wrath and agitation, cannot be denied; but that is no excuse for silence. We do not mean to have our own position in reference to the church and ministry, nor in reference to the use that ought to be made of God's Word, mistaken. And to this end, we here take from one of our discourses on this subject, never yet published, the following presentation of the duties of hearers as well as preachers in regard to it:—

"6. A definite arraignment of slaveholding as sin. The systematic hiding of God's Word from the guilt of slavery, the refusal to have it applied to slaveholding as sin, is an iniquity and treason in the church and ministry against God. The expedient proposed, instead of the truth of God in its plainness, to preach and publish concerning the moral duties arising out of the existence of slavery as an institution, is worthy of the basest period of church and state subserviency. Some men refuse to call slaveholding sin in itself, because, by a logical inevitability, there follows the necessity of the *abolition* of it as *the great duty*; they therefore denounce not the sin of *slaveholding*, but the sin of the *ultraism* that would call it sin. The preaching on the duties that grow out of sin as an institution, instead of applying the fire and hammer of God's Word against sin itself, is very much as if a fire-company called to put out a building in flames, should cut off the hose of the fire-engine, close to the body of the machinery, and then set themselves to pumping; so that the water might be forced into the streets indeed, but could not be turned upon the building; might be flooded on the bystanders, but could not reach the conflagration. The removal of the indictment of God's Word against slavery as being the sin of man-stealing, and then proclaiming the duties that arise out of slavery as an institution, is just the withdrawing of the charge with which your gun is loaded, and then reloading it with wet powder and wadding. It is just as if, on the eve of an engagement with the enemy, you should go round the quarters of your regiment, and bite off the butt end of every cartridge, leaving only the powder; or as if you should issue only blank cartridges, as for a sham-fight, with instructions to keep the balls carefully locked away in the ammunition wagons.

"I have spoken plainly in regard to the treason against God of any portion of the ministry who thus draw the shot from his Word, and handle it deceitfully. But God denounces still more severely a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord, those in his church who say to the seers, See not, and to the prophets, Prophesy not unto us right things; speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits, get ye out of the way, turn aside out of the path, cause the Holy One of Israel to cease from before us. It was because they loved oppression and its vested interests, and stayed themselves thereon, that they made this outcry against the faithfulness of the prophets of old time with the Word of God; and the same outcry is raised now in behalf of the same sin, to defend it from exposure and condemnation in the place where of all others it ought to be exposed and condemned by the lightning of God's Word against it. Bethink you, if God's ministers are guilty in not opening their mouth to assert the rights, by his Word, of four millions of his dumb and down-tredden poor, what is the measure of your guilt, if you refuse God a hearing in regard to their claims, if you reject the whole subject as improper for the pulpit and the Sabbath, or if you endeavor to tempt or threaten your minister into silence in regard to it? Bethink you, dear friend, of the dread responsibility you take, in endeavoring to drug your own or any other man's conscience, in reference to the guilt of slavery, or to keep any minister of the Gospel from speaking out. Could you meet your Judge, and answer for your treatment of the oppressed, in their presence, before his bar? It were wise to remember the tremendous declaration, He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination. You stop your ears, you refuse to listen, you say your minister shall not preach upon this subject. By-and-by there will be an investigation as to this interference, an inquisition that God speaks of as to this muzzling of his Word.

"Wherefore did you not plead the cause of the oppressed, or if you refused to do it yourself, wherefore did you hinder those that were willing to do it? 'Lord, it was not popular. Lord, the church-pews could not be rented by such preaching. Lord, the religious newspapers came out against it. Lord, the trustees threatened to shut up the house, and some of the rich men, on whom we relied as the pillars of the church, declared they would not stand such *nigger preaching*, and what could we do? Was it not plain that the interests of the church required a wise and safe policy of silence on that subject? Was it not plain that our only course of safety, the only way to maintain a pew revenue, was to preserve a masterly inactivity in that matter? Was it possible for a conservative church to pursue any other course, and keep itself free from radicalism?'

"My friends, if such reasoning is good on earth, it would be just as suitable in heaven; but as Jannes and Jambres withstood Moses, so do these also resist the truth, men of corrupt minds, reprobate concerning the faith. You are conservatives, indeed, of that which God hath set apart for uttermost destruction. You are conservatives of the Jannes and Jambres school, determined to keep up as a domestic institution, the slavery from which God hath commanded you to let the people go, and endeavoring to prevent the application of his Word and its principles in the demonstration of slavery as a sin against God. Might it not be wise in regard to those who desire to speak God's Word faithfully, to take the advice of Gamaliel? Refrain from these men, and let them alone, for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God. But the conservatives of slavery are impatient even of such moderation; they will not admit of any introduction of the forbidden, dangerous, and dreaded theme. The utterance of God's truth in that direction is political preaching; and if there be any indication of rebellion in the indignant soul of your minister, any intimation of the fire of God's Word breaking out against this sin, you straightway sound the alarm, and discipline a faction against him; you fill him with doubts and fears, you suffocate him with the choke-damp of your commercial interests, you open upon him as with forty fire-annihilators.

"You would have no power at all, if once there were a union among the ministers of the Gospel, to stand up against this sin in God's name. We should like to see such a conflict. The truth is, the ministers of this city of New York alone have it in their power to put an end to this iniquity, if they would unitedly, earnestly, persistently, and with a will, direct the fire of God's Word against it. You could not stand that fire. And if you attempted to remove your ministers because of that faithfulness, you would find by that time that the people themselves had caught fire, and as fast as your conservative wisdom struck down one, the people would put up another. We should like the battle begun and raging in earnest. We have no question what the result would be. It would be an uprising, upheaving of the popular heart and conscience as an earthquake; and all the efforts of your conservative priests and political wire-pullers, with the Urim and Thummim of the domestic institutions as their breast-plate, would be bootless to turn aside the revolution. You could no more stop such a movement than you could throw a cotton-dam across the cataract of Niagara. Your conservative brooms would be as helpless as Dame Partington's against the Atlantic. Once the popular conscience is roused, your power is gone.

"It is that conscience that we aim at, and it is God's Word with which we make the assault. Wherever there are sins in the shape of institutions and organized policies, that men calling themselves conservatists would perpetuate, there the great weapon to be used by any reform party that would hope for success, is the truth of God applied closely to the conscience. The great guns of God's Word, shotted, must be turned against such iniquities AS SINS to be abolished, not vested rights to treat with; and not the less sins because a multitude commit them, and because churches are banded in support of them, or live upon them, but greater and worse. If such sins are supported by law, if statutes are framed and driven down as iron-shod piles into the constitutional policy of a country, for such sins to build themselves upon into power, so that, on such made land of Satan, the iniquity can rise into a city inhabited by millions, all living on the foundations of crime, then, the more law, the more iniquity—the more law, the less justice; and nothing but God's truth with God's Spirit constitutes a power that can confront such giant sin, or grapple with its defenses. It may not be possible to cut up such piles, to abolish such made land, or to turn the buildings into temples of domestic truth and justice, instead of the habitations of cruelty; but if it *be* possible, the possibility is only in the Word of the Living God; and if it be *not* possible, then God must sweep away such a Sodom with the fire of his wrath. But his Word is to be tried, for it is the only omnipotence of reform in such a conflict, and for just such triumph and glory, to the honor of God's righteousness, it was given." C.

THE VIRGINIA SCAFFOLD.

REAR on high the scaffold-altar! all the world will turn to see
How a man has dared to suffer that his brothers may be free!
Rear it on some hill-side looking north and south and east and west,
Where the wind from every quarter fresh may blow upon his breast,
And the sun look down unshaded from the chill December sky,
Glad to shine upon the hero who for Freedom dared to die!

All the world will turn to see him;—from the pines of wave-washed Maine
To the golden rivers rolling over California's plain,
And from clear Superior's waters where the wild swan loves to sail
To the Gulf-lands, summer-bosomed, fanned by ocean's softest gale,—
Every heart will beat the faster in its sorrow or its scorn,
For the man nor courts nor prisons can annoy another morn!
And from distant climes and nations men shall westward gaze and say,
"He who periled all for Freedom on the scaffold dies to-day."

Never offering was richer, nor did temple fairer rise
For the gods serenely smiling from the blue Olympian skies;
Porphyry or granite column did not statelier cleave the air
Than the posts of yonder gallows with the cross-beam waiting there;
And the victim, wreathed and crowned, not for Dian nor for Jove,
But for Liberty and Manhood, comes, the sacrifice of Love.

They may hang him on the gibbet; they may raise the victor's cry
When they see him darkly swinging like a speck against the sky;—
Ah! the dying of a hero that the right may win its way,
Is but sowing seed for harvest in a warm and mellow May!
Now his story shall be whispered by the firelight's evening glow,
And in fields of rice and cotton when the hot noon passes slow,
Till his name shall be a watch-word from Missouri to the sea,
And his planting find its reaping in the birthday of the Free!

Christ, the crucified, attend him! weak and erring though he be,
In his measure he has striven, suffering Lord! to love like Thee.
Thou the vine—thy friends the branches—is he not a branch of Thine,
Though some dregs from earthly vintage have defiled the heavenly wine?
Now his tendrils lie unclasped, bruised, and prostrate on the sod,—
Take him to thine upper garden where the husbandman is God!

DEAN.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

AT length the genial old man of Sunnyside is dead! The news has excited less surprise than regret, for seven years ago he had reached his "three score and ten," and for several months past had been afflicted with an asthmatic complaint which threatened shortly to bring him to the grave. The event, which was sudden at last, fell more unexpectedly on the members of his own household than on the public.

It occurred on Monday evening last. He had not been confined to his bed during the day, and in the evening had been sitting with his nephews and nieces at the tea-table—at which his conversation had been even more lively and cheerful than usual. About ten o'clock, on preparing to retire, he complained of languidness, and of a recurrence of the old pain in his left side, which, at intervals, had given him trouble for months past. He expressed to his niece a fear that he might not sleep well. He placed some books near his bed-side (as on many previous occasions during his indisposition) that in the night he might light his lamp, to while away, over their pages, some of his wakeful and restless hours. He was then observed suddenly to raise his hand and press it upon his breast, and the moment afterward he fell to the floor. The relatives and friends in the house gathered instantly about him. Various restoratives were applied to reawaken him to consciousness, but in vain. A physician, who had been sent for at the first moment of alarm, came quickly to the bed-side, but came too late. The life had gone out of the body, and no mortal power could win it back!

Thus, in the fullness of his years and of his honors, after a life of labor that had brought a rich reward to himself and a richer profit to the world, he finished his life after having finished his works, and his name now passes into American history as the father of American literature!

Who now will write his biography? Boswell, in beginning his memoirs of Dr. Johnson, confessed in his first lines the difficulty of writing "the life of him who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others." But it will be a still more difficult and delicate task to write the life of him who, in this species of writing, excelled both Boswell and Johnson. If the biography of Irving could be written as well as he himself has written the biography of Goldsmith, it would be a book more fascinating than his own Tales of the Alhambra.

After a man has lived to a ripe old age, there have been many events even in an uneventful career. The leading incidents in the life of our great author were the researches, travels, studies, and various labors connected with the writing and publication of his numerous works. With these charming volumes most of the readers of this journal are too familiar to need a catalogue of their titles, or a late word spoken in their praise. For ease and grace of style, and for a genial humor that exhales almost like an actual fragrance from every page, they have long since decided equal honors with the essays of The Spectator. The name of Irving may stand side by side with the name of Addison.

A single word may be added to this notice, which has not yet been said in any of the more extended sketches of the daily press. It is not generally known with what fidelity, during the whole period of his life, Mr. Irving followed his natural and particularly his intellectual instincts—never permitting himself to engage in any work, even in the times of his most necessitious poverty, to which he did not feel drawn by the strong leadings of his own tastes. Thus, born with a genius for literature, he refused, after he had been educated for the law, to enter upon its practice. When, still a young man and traveling in Italy, he met Allston, the artist, who strenuously advised him to the pursuit of art—he obeyed his own nature rather than his friend's advice. When for a time he attached himself to the mercantile business of his brothers, he stipulated that the details of business should never be allowed to encroach upon his literary pursuits. When, after mercantile reverses, he went to Scotland, and received from his generous friend Walter Scott the offer of the editorial chair of a new political magazine—he had the courage, although he was then almost a beggar for his daily bread, to decline a proposal to which his nature could give no congenial response. Moreover, when engaged even in his favorite literary studies and labors, he never allowed his mind to work beyond the period of its true inspired and glowing moods. He never forced or hurried his thinking or writing. He kept the pen busy only while the mind was fresh. Every page of his volumes, from the early papers of Salmagundi to the final chapters of the Life of Washington, will bear witness to this unvarying and conscientious fidelity of his own mind to its best moods. Is not this the secret of the perpetual and unbroken charm of his style?

The writer of these lines can never forget a late visit to Sunnyside, of which a record already has been made in these columns. On that afternoon, it was little anticipated, either by host or guest, that so lively an interview was to be followed in a few short days by the sad event of death. To the writer, that occasion was made the more delightful by the generous welcome with which an old man kindly received a stranger, and by the unexpected sympathy, vivacity, and ardor with which he voluntarily began and continued a conversation which lengthened to half an hour a visit that had been designed, on the part of the visitor, for scarcely more than a few hurried moments. How vivid a picture of that scene now rises to the mind! It is Geoffrey Crayon sitting in his arm-chair, in an interval of relief from the more acute troubles of his illness, his mind excited into what seemed to be one of his most inspired and happy moods—moving his hands and arms with gesture, and leaning forward in the animation of discourse—speaking, with an easy and rapid flow of utterance, on various literary topics, but chiefly of the operations of his own mind during the heat and glow of literary composition. In all he said, there was such point and vigor, such liveliness of expression, such intellectual richness, that it recalled, and well-nigh outrivaled, the best recorded table-talk of Coleridge or Charles Lamb.

That brief interview was concluced at the door-step. As the venerable man stood on the threshold, with his gray shawl wrapped about his shoulders, the wind slighty rustled some of the brown leaves that lay scattered on the ground. He looked at them a moment, and when a chance word was spoken of Autumn as having already stripped the trees, he replied with a smile, "It is Autumn with me too!" The end was nearer than he thought! May the brown leaves fall lightly now upon his grave! THEODORE TILTON.

OUR readers will all share with us the profound and painful regret with which we publish the following humiliating announcement, which appeared in the Boston papers of Wednesday morning. Comments are reserved.

To the Public.

Facts have recently come to the knowledge of the Prudential Committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, deeply implicating the moral character of Dr. Pomroy, and rendering it impossible that he should longer retain his official position as a secretary of the Board. He has resigned, and is no longer to be recognized as an officer of the Board. The facts referred to have no connection with his official action. By order of the Prudential Committee. (Signed)

CHARLES STODDARD, Chairman.

The Independent.

Special Contributors.

THE following persons are engaged as special contributors to the columns of *The Independent*, over their own signatures: Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D., (C.,) Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, (✳,) Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, (H. B. S.,) and JOHN G. WHITTIER, (J. G. W.)

Correspondents

from different sections of the Union; from England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and the Holy Land, have been engaged to write for the columns of THIS JOURNAL.

SYNOPSIS OF ITALIAN AFFAIRS.

THE states of Central Italy are giving evidence of their determination to consummate the work which they have taken in hand. Their national assemblies have been convoked, and, in all, Prince Carignano, a relative of the Sardinian king, has been elected regent of the confederated communities. This proceeding has so offended the French Emperor that he has requested Victor Emanuel to refuse his sanction to it, and to "restrain the impetuous spirit of the Italian patriots." That potentate, as became the recipient of Lombardy and the debtor of France, rendered prompt obedience to this missive. His cousin, Carignano, was at once sent for, and instructed relative to the answer which he should return to the deputation that was on its way to Piedmont to offer him the new dignity. Hence when the Chevaliers Minghotti and Peruzzi arrived and pressed the Prince to accept the high office to which he had been appointed, his Excellency civilly declined the honor; but condescended to recommend its conference on a worthy kinsman of his named Buoncompagni, who readily consented to step into the shoes of the unaspiring Carignano, and forthwith set about preparing to depart for Central Italy, in order to entrance on his functions as regent.

The subserviency of Victor Emanuel in this matter proves conclusively that his obligations to Napoleon are of too stringent a nature to admit of his acting independently and as a "Patriot King," the rumors circulated by the press to the contrary notwithstanding. His timidity and oscillation have not, however, yet destroyed the confidence of Italians in him—the most sensitive and circumspect of whom have just given him a very agreeable and tangible proof of the vitality of their faith. The greater part of the Piedmontese loan, which Londoners would have nothing to say to, has been subscribed for by Italian capitalists, among whom are numbered not only the first bankers of his hereditary and newly acquired dominions, but also their brethren of Central Italy. If the Sardinian monarch should in the future become an apostate from his country's cause, and employ the resources thus acquired in promotion of the Napoleonic policy, he would be the basest and most ungrateful of men.

Garibaldi, the first and purest of Italian patriots, is daily giving evidence of his disinterestedness, ability, and tact. He has himself just subscribed 5,000 francs to the Million Musket Fund, into which contributions are rapidly flowing from all quarters; has appointed directors in Bologna, Mantua, and Milan, to receive and disburse the money remitted; and has issued an appeal to the Neapolitans, which will kindle a spirit in the Two Sicilies that will afford ample occupation to Bomba junior and his mercenaries.

Pio Nono and his government are prepared, it is said, at the eleventh hour, to adopt the reformatory suggestions of the French Emperor; but only on condition that the revolted Legations previously return to the yoke. As old birds, however, are not to be caught with chaff, nor the Romagnoli coaxed back into servitude by this Pontifical ruse, the probability is that the successor of Peter will not be called on to redeem his pledge as long as the doctrine of non-intervention is respected; and whoever dares to violate *that*, no matter what the pretext, will light a conflagration in Italy which will devastate her fields from the Alps to Messina.

LATEST FROM HARPER'S FERRY.

OUR latest intelligence from Charlestown is that on Tuesday John Brown found it necessary to decline visits, as he was deeply engaged in preparing his public explanatory letter. He will make no speech at the execution, and says he has no confession to offer. Gov. Wise has issued orders that no one be admitted to see Brown between this and the time for the execution. There is to be a guard of 2,500 soldiers at the execution. A proclamation has been issued by Gov. Wise, announcing that the state has taken possession of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, and that on the first three days of December it will be used for military purposes. He also warns the people to stay at home on patrol duty on the day of the execution, to protect their property; and that, if it is necessary, martial law will be proclaimed. Gen. Taliaferro has also issued a proclamation that all strangers who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves will be arrested; and that all persons coming to Charlestown merely to witness the execution will be turned back. Several reporters for the Northern press have been driven out of Harper's Ferry, and compelled to go to Baltimore. Passengers now riding on the railroad are required to procure passports from Gov. Wise.

Exhibition of the Rope with which Capt. Brown is to be Hung!

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Nov. 27, 1859.

The principal excitement of yesterday (Saturday) was caused by the public exhibition, at the Sheriff's office, of the rope with which John Brown is to be hung. It was examined by crowds. The horrible, bloodthirsty discourses for which it afforded the text, were almost startling, even in this region of barbarous freedom of speech. I think that if ample arrangements had not been made to preserve order during the execution, Brown might be seized by the infuriated people and torn in pieces. There is no limit to the violence of expression here; whether it will lead to equal violence of action is doubtful. I should judge not; words cost nothing—deeds demand daring and courage.

The fact that the rope is made of South Carolina cotton is pointed out with exultation. "No Northern hemp," says the Sheriff, "shall help to punish our felons."

Meetings of Sympathy.

Meetings of sympathy for John Bown are to be held on the day of his execution, at Tremont Temple, Boston; and also at Haverhill, Natick, and other towns. In this city, meetings will be held at Shiloh church, Prince street. Also a prayer-meeting in the evening at Dr. Cheever's church. Other meetings will doubtless be noticed in the daily papers.

Agency for the Colored People.—The American Missionary Association have taken a very important and beneficent step in the appointment of Rev. Amos G. Beaman of Portland, formerly of New Haven, to an agency among the People of Color in the North, He is to labor in various ways to promote the educational and religious advancement of these people, a work greatly needed and full of hope. We hope he will receive general encouragement.

Agricultural Academy at Yale College.—Twenty eminent agriculturists and horticulturists have united with Profs. Porter and Johnson of Yale College, to give a course of eighty lectures on Agriculture and Horticulture, at New Haven, in February next.

John Brown's Martyrdom.—The Church of the Puritans, on Union square, will observe Friday next as a day of humiliation and prayer. Meetings will be held from 10 to 12 A.M., (the hour of execution,) and at 7½ in the evening.

The Best Ash-Sifter.—There is nothing in market that comes so near perfection in this line as Adams's Patent Coal Sifter. The vagabond boys that cluster about every place where city coal-ashes are dumped, are highly indignant about the invention, and insist that the man who would get up such a thing to interfere with their regular business, ought to be hanged. It saves all the coal, and knocks the ashes out of the cinders, so that they will burn; it works easily, and keeps in all the dust. The inventor, Sanford Adams, is attending to his own business at 66 Cortlandt st., while his utensil can be found at the principal house-furnishing stores, such as Berrian's, 601 Broadway.

THANKSGIVING SERMON

BY

Henry Ward Beecher.

"Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely."—Psa. cxlvii. 1.

A single act of thanksgiving is itself beautiful before God and man. A heart that stands in the midst of mercies, to give thanks, seems to me like a bird standing in its nest, and lifting itself up to sing; or, like a bird in summer, sitting among leaves and blossoms, upon a tree full-flushed with sunlight, and singing forth its gladness for all the joy of sun and shade, for life and love. And, as—when the leaves are fallen, and birds are gone or going, seeking the far southern summer, in mute flocks that fly soundless and eat in silence and fly again—there are some that cannot forget to give thanks, and sit for an hour upon the withered stalks out of which frosts have driven the juice-blood, and lift up a farewell song to all the past, and an all-hail to the dimly-discerned summer to which they fly: so, sweet, beyond all mere joyful thanks, are the sad thanksgivings of those who are desolate, who have seen their summer, and their autumn, too; and who are upon the very verge of winter; and yet, whose hearts find argument of thanks, even in the latest aspects of their year, and chant forth a praise, if not for the present, yet for the past; and if not for the past, at least for the future that is dawning upon them.

There is something yet grander to the heart and to the imagination than these separate or social acts of thanksgiving, in an act of *national thanksgiving!* But, when that nation stands upon a continent, and laps half round the world—so wide, that the morning is on the east while midnight yet broods upon the west—so broad and wide that the early songs and service on the Atlantic shore are ended and gone up to God before the temple is yet open upon the Pacific—the spectacle and the thought of it, belong to those those things which the prophets loved to celebrate, and to represent by the sound of ocean waters, and ocean thunder-chants!

Sometimes it is fit that we should inspire thanksgiving for all personal, domestic, civic, and communal mercies. And this, in some years, we have done.

At other times, it is right that we should lose our own identity, as it were; and, mingling ourselves with the race, from some high reach, should look down upon the flow of time, the history of mankind; and if we may only see some bright stars of events, from which to take observation, and make reckoning—according to the greatness of the time which God keeps, on whose clock years beat as seconds, ages are but hours, and thousands of years but one day—and, from such computations, learn where, in the drift and currents of time, the great world-ship now is—which way steering, and with what progress, then, we give thanks, not alone for our own individual mercies, nor for the mercies of our own household, but with and for the Race!

And, though this be done poorly—for prophets are all dead, long ago, and the more by the token of the miserable work that they make who think they are prophesying; and visions are but rare in our day and night, for that matter, be rarer yet, and not be missed—yet, it will not be time lost, if I shall persuade you that the glow and the haze that I may bring within the sweep of your glass, is not mere nebulous ether, but far away stars and suns, which stronger glasses and better methods, by-and-by, shall resolve and reveal.

I. In this world-range, as a race, we are brought so far along, now, that we may begin to descry the latter-day glory of physical knowledge.

Hitherto this globe has been like some vast Egyptian temple swamped and lost in sand. Here a cornice, and there an architrave, was seen, but the bulk was yet silent beneath burial sand. But now the exploration is going on. Men are fighting the deserts, and throwing back their sands; and, little by little, something of the temple is revealed; and it is more and more coming forth in its long side lines, and broad face. Only, the Egyptian temple is a thing of past ages, useless and solitary. Thebes, Dendera, Pieroe, and the rest, are sublime adamantine seven sleepers of Egypt—coming forth to light more solitary when awake than while covered and asbumber. But not so this great temple of the physical globe—this temple of God. All other things grow old. Only the earth never grows old by time. It is fresh and fair to-day—an uncut volume of precious reading. And future civilizations, and even moral growths, in their full and final form, are to depend upon results which will be worked out by science from God's architectural world-work. For half knowledge of material things hampers the soul of religion, but whole knowledge is yet to help it. Our help is to come from the rock, from the soil, from the air, from the stars, from the globe—which is God's book, even if men have *not* yet learned what its reading is.

Men, for lack of physical knowledge, have been like one, the half of whose body is paralyzed, and the life of the other half is but a nurse thereto. So we have known enough to fight between our ignorance and our knowledge; but the day is coming when we shall have a more perfect revelation of what God thought, and what he meant, when he created the earth, and instituted natural laws, when *whole* knowledge will set us as much above our present strength, as, in times past, half knowledge has left us below it. We are yet to triumph over matter by faith. The flesh and the world are yet to help as much as they have hindered. And it is a thing for gratulation and eager expectation—the full knowledge of this *globe as an organized whole*, and the idea of the Divine architect expressed, though long hidden, in the structure of the earth on which we dwell.

Ten thousand workers are abroad to-day, working for God, and working for men, though they think they are working for themselves. While we gratefully recognize all that is doing among good and Christian men, in churches, and schools, and beneficent institutions, for the promotion of the Divine glory, it is a sovereign joy to believe that a thousand men really are serving God for every one that appears! They, too, are priests on whose heads no ordaining hand has ever passed! That is not alone a sanctuary which is built with wall and spire. God is making the earth itself to be his cathedral. Not they alone are the priests who minister at the altar; but they who search for God along the strata of stone; they who go down into the crypts and mines of cavernous mountains; they who, by the eyes of leaden plummets, behold the bottom of the mysterious world-deep; and they who nightly ride high above the earth and all its scenes, among the sleepless stars—these all are teaching us God's Bible—God's primitive Bible. They are anticipating the history of the Divine written revelation, and giving us God's thoughts as really—(when we know how to read them in the language in which they are written)—as this other blessed Book.

These all are gathering together the materials for a knowledge of God. While hoary scholars search the languaged revelation of God, and yield the threshed wheat of knowledge to their fellow-men, they are surrounded by an unknown number of equally divine commentators before whom the heavens declare the glory of God, and the earth showeth his hand-work. All are common laborers, belonging to one brotherhood of research and discovery, however much, at present, they may be ignorant of each others' work.

Every man, then, that, with Milne Edwards, studies animalculæ, or sea swarms of aqueous insects; or, that with Gould, gathers up the thoughts of God that fly in humming-birds—hundreds of species; or that, with Liebig, searches the organic nature of the whole realm of husbandry; or, with Herschell, Le Verrier, or Pierce, studies God's glowing highway of stars; or that, with Kane, explores that sublime North, which coaxes us with blushing auroral invitations, and then is silent in ice, or answers our questions with the thunder of icebergs, grinding in darkness and fury—every such man is, before God, if not yet before us, an interpreter of God's Revelation. Every man who brings forth facts, from any department of research whatever, and sets us to thinking of their origin and uses, is, in the providence of God, laboring to hasten the great final end to which all knowledge is tending.

Ten thousand workers, I say, are abroad. Each, like a coral insect, does but little, to be sure, but, all together, they are steadily bringing up the reef, and preparing for the solid ground. While no imagination can conceive the blessings which science shall bring forth from the physical globe for man, greatest, highest, and most sublime above all others, shall be the revelation of that God which shall now walk upon the high places of the earth, ride upon the winds, and sit king upon the waters!

If, then, in the beginning, Science threatened to destroy faith, and especially faith in the Book, in the end it is Science that shall restore it, never to be moved again. And when, at length, the Bible shall be read in the light of the glory of God, as revealed in the face of the natural world, there will be no more infidels, and no more scoffers; and the two revelations—like another Old and New Testament, bound together—coincident, and mutually inter-sphering, shall be final and conclusive of truth.

For this, then—that in the age in which we live there are signs of progress; that there is a growing light on the horizon which tells us which way the day is coming; that we have these tokens and intimations of God's life and work—for this we have to-day occasion for high thanksgiving.

II. Next, in order, to the globe itself, first created, is man, latest made, and best of all things earthly. The signs of the times give to those in whom hope dwells abundant occasion for thanksgiving. The solution of the mystery of human nature—the thorough knowledge of man, within and without—advances, and is drawing very near to some definite and worthy results. In this consummation, the world's summer will begin. Hitherto we have had but spring—and but the March month, at that. But the knowledge of man is to be the knowledge of everything else, or the easy method of it. In no other age were so many men working designedly or unknowingly, directly or indirectly, for this grand focal knowledge. As, here and there, in the ocean, there is a great current into which side waters flow, and which compels those side waters to move with it, whether it is their tendency to do so or not; so, in this world, there is a divinely established current of events which compels men to move with it, whether they like it or dislike it, and whether they yield willingly to its power, or strive against it. In our day, whatever may be the things which men *mean* to do, whatever may be the private ends or the theoretic purposes for which they are working, they are, in the providence of God, helping to develop a more complete knowledge of man.

The chemist is working for that; and the retort of the laboratory is going to tell us more about man's mind than the old philosophical retort of metaphysical brains. The physiologist is working for that; and even the dissecting-knife has its revelation. When summer comes everything grows, how reluctant soever it was in the spring. When God's time comes for any science, no matter what happens, everything becomes disclosive. Now that knowledge of the human mind is coming up from the physical side, we begin to have hope. Hitherto, men have studied man by the blossom, as if that only which was beautiful was significant. They are learning that to study the blossom, even, we must know the root, the stem, the branch, the leaves; and that a knowledge of the whole is the means of knowing rightly any part. At last, we are studying man as a unit, as he was made. The asylum, the penitentiary, the convict colony, the reform school, the hospital, are working up from the bottom, while schools and metaphysicians are working down from above; but all are working upon the same thing, and in the same general direction. Like men who, from different sides of the mountains, push the tunnel through, while some sink shafts, and work at intermediate points, but all, hidden from each other, upon the same track, so is it among those who are bringing forward the sublime knowledge of the nature of man. Already these mountain workers begin to hear the thud of each others' implements, sounding through the rock-partition that separates them, which every day is growing thinner and thinner.

None of these things are growing and developing separately and alone. God always carries forward his work in platoons, wide abreast. And, in all the seeming separations, dissents, conflicts, interruptions, and infinite confusions of human affairs, there sits a Providence, calmly prescient, working and weaving; and so great is the fabric he makes, that there is not a material which has not a place, nor a force that is not harnessed to some needful task, nor a color that is not lending its hue. What men call disturbances are but the lifting up of the treddles, and the clank of the loom, where God weaves the long web of time.

III. The growing intelligence of the common people, and the dawning of a new world-force in this direction—(the fact of which world-force in the democratic element is not new, though its applications are manifold, and not yet half developed)—is a theme for unfeigned gratulation, and for devout thanksgiving.

It is impossible to do much more than assert the fact that in America, in Great Britain, in France, in Italy, in portions of Austria, in Prussia, and—dimly seen, but truly—in Russia, there is a real growth, not alone of intelligence, but of moral breadth, among the common people. Human society is so organized, that death at the bottom is death all the way through, and life at the bottom is salvation all the way up!

One great cause for cheer and hope and encouragement, in those that believe in millennial glory, and in the perfectibility of the human species, is the average rise and breadth of intelligence and moral power among the masses of the whole world. If you would take the moral level of different epochs, you should place your instrument on the family as existing in different ages. The relative social and moral differences will show you the relative altitudes of different periods of time. The family is root and trunk of society. All other institutions are only leaves; easily shed and changed, without harm; but the root and the trunk must abide, or no leaf can live. If you were to compare what is the average condition of the families of the world fifty years ago with the average condition of the families of the world now, you would find what progress had been made. If you were to compare the condition of the family in New England fifty years since with its average condition now, you would be astonished at the change which has been wrought in so short a period. You could scarcely be made to believe that the condition of the institution of the family has improved as much as it has during the last hundred years. The things which men did in the age of Shakespeare, and which were then considered befitting the most refined and virtuous, would now be considered so gross and intolerably vulgar, that if there should be a resurrection of our old fathers and mothers who lived in that age, they could not walk with us any more. We should shut them out of our houses.

You cannot shut back the present into the past, as you can shut back one part of a telescope into another. The developments of the present are greater than the past, out of which they grew, and therefore it cannot contain them. And yet, theologians are trying to shut the ecclesiasticism of the present back into the ecclesiasticism of nearly two thousand years ago; and miserable statesmen are trying to shut the enlightened institutions of the present back into the barbarous institutions which existed at a still earlier period!

The old civilizations were at the top of society. It is the Christian idea that civilization must begin at the bottom. The kingdom of God, however, is a seed; and of all seeds ever planted, it is the slowest growing—partly from the hindrances interposed, and partly from its nature. For this the ages wait; for, many of the ills of time may not cease until judged of this new tribunal—*the public sentiment of the masses of mankind.* Many of the great advents may not come until called by the voice of Races—not by the voice of single men.

In our own land we have found out, practically, what, two hundred years ago, was a speculation—wild and mischievous in the judgment of the then wise men of the globe—namely, that governments, when brought down to the judgment and will of all who are governed, are safer and better than when administered by the wisest of the wise, and the best of the good. We have found out the secret that it is not possible for a few heads to do that for races which they unitedly can do for themselves. This, among us—at least among us of the North—has come to be scarcely questioned any more: the safety and wisdom of popular government, or self-government; for we have found out that the stronger the element of government is in its diffused form, and the weaker it is in its concentrated form, the better it is for the governed. We have written that down in the book of experience.

All the elaborations of statesmanship are simplified. All the mists and obliquities of diplomacy are being swept away by the breath of the common people. An element of broad common sense is carrying forward what was supposed to be the most complex, delicate, and difficult thing on earth—civil government—better than ever select heads and professional hands have done it. The great dispersed mass of the common people are wiser than those above them, when they come to administer upon things that are common to all men. A philosopher may rise up into things that do not belong to the instincts of human nature, and upon his high head may first shine some rays of knowledge, as upon the lofty spire of Trinity first comes the dawn of the orient; but of those universal truths which lie in the wants and experiences of mankind, the average judgments of the masses are as much better than the judgments of the individual thinkers, as the testimony of a million hearts is more emphatic than the thoughts of few heads:—for it is not *thinking* that finds out truth in these things. The life of truth in social and moral things is in the Heart.

Now we are all prepared to be thankful for this; but I am prepared to be thankful for one step beyond. I discern the arising form, yet dimly seen, but gathering consistence, and advancing steadily and benignly, of precisely the same change in religion. We are coming to a state in which we are to have not less religion, but less religious institutionalism. We are not to dissipate the moral element, but to diffuse its power, and make it more potent in its sources. As we have said to palace, "Take law from the peasant's cottage," we shall say to all ecclesiastical institutions, "Take law from the conscience of the common Christian people." It is safe to administer secular things by the average judgments of the masses; it is just as safe to administer religious things by the instructed consciences of the masses. And the time is coming when the democratic element in religion will effect just such a revolution as has the democratic element in politics—revolving kings down, that the greater people may come up. For in religion, more than in civil affairs, are the sources of truth, not in institutions or laws, but in the innate dispositions through which God inspires us with true knowledge.

There is to be a moral public common sense; and the day is advancing when the conscience of the whole community will give the law, and churches, and synods, and assemblies, of every name, that have supposed themselves specially authorized to teach, and to assume airs of superiority over the great unordained mass, will be obliged to recede, as have civil governments, and to receive from their superiors—the intelligent whole community—their law and their permissions. And as the mass of citizens have shown themselves greater and wiser than their kings, so the day is coming—though not yet—when the great democratic body of Christians will show themselves better and wiser than their professional leaders. I am only sorry that the wheels revolve so slow. I see the dawn of that day, and I believe it hastens; but it may not come in my time. The voice of God, speaking through a Race, will yet thunder into silence the voice of any class, or order, or hierarchy; and the undisturbed conscience of mankind, like the widelying ocean, will yet speak forth, high over all, the power of God, beating its choral measures upon every shore on the globe!

Already the congregational churches, of every name, prefigure the end, more than they themselves do know. But even that is not the whole. Only then shall we have a full Divinity in the church, when there is such a growth of an intelligent Christian common people, that they are, and they begin to know that they are, superior to council, and synod, and assembly; and when they manifest this superiority—not for the sake of despising religion, but for the sake of honoring it, enlarging its expression, ennobling its functions, and giving power to its teachings. For the coalescent conscience of twenty millions of men will be like the thunderbolt and the lightning-stroke from the hand of God, upon any evil.

Mere professionalism is in itself a thing bad; not that sects, councils, ordinances, ceremonies, and priestly authority—even robed, if need be—are in themselves things bad. I look upon them as I do upon the coverings of the growing wheat. While it is in the milk, it must have bandages, and the husks are good so long as it is in an immature state; but that which helps the kernel to get ripe is, when the ripening process is completed, chaff. And I think we have come to that point where, if we stand on tiptoe, and are tall withal, we can see that these helps of religion are beginning to recurve and drop down to the ground, so that the ripened wheat can stand and hold up its head to the air and the sun.

I bless God for that sight, and so far as I myself am concerned, in all my preaching and ministerial duties, I stand in perpetual appeal from priest and council, to the Christian common people. I appeal from professionalisms to the heart of universal religion. The day is coming when more and more will thus appeal. And if to any this betokens a decadence of religion, to me it betokens exactly the other thing. Do you tell me that there is less religion in the churches, that there is less power in the pulpit, and that men work less willingly and efficiently for the upbuilding and maintenance of religious institutions, than formerly? There may be less religion in certain places, but there is more diffused religion. The average conscience was never so high as now. The average faith was never so strong as now. Is it thought that young thinkers are becoming infidel? Young thinkers were never so little infidel as now. Is it thought that young art is becoming undevout? Young art was never so devout as now. Religion is developing in Art, in Literature. And even novels are becoming preachers. And better preachers than are many pulpits. For the novels of the last fifteen or twenty years contain a better Gospel than the pulpits—if you include the pulpits of the Greek Church, of the Roman Church, of formal Protestantism, and of the warring sects. A dead Gospel is a hideous heresy.

The tendencies of literature, and science, and art, in the world, show that God is greater than the church; that he has been doing a work outside of it as well as in it; that there is a weakening of all those bandages which have enveloped the young child Jesus; and that they are being thrown off. It is because he has grown in stature, and in favor before God and man, so that he no longer needs the protection they have afforded him.

I hail and rejoice in all these tokens of the supremacy of this moral public common sense. Why should I, that serve an organization, and shall help to build up others? I say nothing to lower your opinion of them; yet they are not to be worshiped, or to be supposed to have the seal of immortality on them. They are to be regarded as mere instruments, which are for ever and for evermore to give place and rank to moral principles and fundamental truths.

When that day shall come, whose dawn is already in the east; when this child Emmanuel shall attain his full stature, that now is but a babe in the manger, despised, solitary, and poor, we shall know a power and grandeur in the moral sense of Christian communities, impossible to the narrow organizations of our earlier time. And while men are dreaming that churches shall absorb communities, God is preparing the way by which the church itself shall be absorbed into the community. Christian communities there are to be, standing up in the grandeur of a Christian public sentiment, and carrying forward all the functions of human life, with Christ-blood beating in the very veins of nations! And this is to be the final consummation.

It was not God's plan that the ark should be the refuge of the human race longer than until the deluge had passed away; but if Noah and his descendants had afterwards built arks upon the hills and rocks and attempted to crowd all the people and animals on the earth into them, their folly would not have been greater than is that of those who are attempting to crowd back the gathering forces of the nations into institutions which were only designed to give them a temporary ferriage, while the deluge of an immoral common sense should last.

This power of enlightened public sentiment is shewn more in what it is making other things do, than in what it is yet directly doing itself. For in this, as in all other things, true growths are blind. The best reformers did not know to what their reformations were really leading. Martin Luther did not know what a reformation he was to effect; but God did, and stood at his back, and pushed him forward. God is the thinker, and God is the worker; man is only the blind instrument. And this great, democratic, Christian world-resounding public sentiment has not yet come to the knowledge of itself. It is a human influence, as men say; it is the divine, providential impulsion, as I say. Such is the power of it, already the greatest things which are done in the world are done on account of *it*.

If it were not for the ocean, there would not be a ship built; and yet the ocean never built a ship. If it were not for the railway, there would not be a locomotive built; and yet a railway never built a locomotive. Men work in reference to facts as they are. All kings, statesmen, emperors, the lordliest men in the world, are shaping their policies, and changing their governments, and plying their administrations, with a blind sense that there is something or other going on among the people which demands an obedience. Rulers are learning to obey the ruled. They take counsel afar off and choose to do what the people ask. It is "the enlightened public sentiment" of the age in which we live that every wise governor regards. Selfish, iniquitous, wicked as are the plans which tyrants are perpetually essaying to weave, God compels them to weave their plans in accordance with his great, all-absorbing plan.

The great questions of the world, of populations, of races and nations, are pressed forward for solution, by the working out of experience and truth in the lower spheres. This is God's plow. It is the analogy of growth in the world. Therefore I regard all the agitations of our day as being so many plowings which are necessary as a preparation for the harvests that are to wave on the world-farm. I have less fears of them, because since the world began there has been nothing but successive destructions to the world, according to the fears of short-sighted men! We live in an age in which there is a great noise of fear of the destruction of governments and unions. This kind of music has sounded ever since the ark was built. And yet, these rendings and overturnings of communities and nations, have always been the stimulating life of the world—for life has grown out of death perpetually. Death has always been the minister of the root, and so it will be in our time.

In all these conflicts, and turnings, and overturnings, I see no dark pall, no night, except so far as night brings rest. I see the preparations of a mighty husbandry, in the red-hot war that is going on in the world. Deep furrows are being cut by the plow of God's Providence, that there may, ere long, be better harvests for the reaping of the nations.

Therefore, in our own land, I hail and rejoice in these very intestine commotions, over which men are crying, "Peace, peace, peace!" As crickets and mice cry "Peace," when the farmer is turning up their nests with his plow, so we have crickets, and mice, and grasshoppers, and all manner of insects chirping "Peace," while God plows his land! But I say, "Even so, Lord God Almighty, plow and thunder on!" For out of night comes morning; out of thunder-storms come summer leaves washed clean, and sweet-singing birds; out of disease comes health; out of confusion comes the fair form of order.

When God means to prepare a man for a great work, he makes his bone of iron, and his thews of steel, and then baptizes him in trouble and hardship; so that when he comes to manhood he is covered with mail better than that wrought from any metal. And he does the same thing with a nation, when he means to prepare them for a great work. Now God means to use this people; to send them forth a great nation to do his work; and he is obliging them to go through sufferings, and trials, and rendings, and agitations, that when they shall have triumphed—as they will—over these evils, and shall have vanquished their foes and their faults, they may, with the manly strength acquired by such discipline, rise up and be God's prophet to the nations of the earth.

I hail the mission, therefore, that is prefigured by the baptism of suffering. It was in the *wilderness* that John first cried, "Christ, Christ, Christ!" and not in ceiled houses or in paved streets; and it is out of the wilderness that God will bring witnesses to his truth in these later times. The hope of our own land is that, in purging itself from its ills, and gathering together the moral force of all its citizens, it is being prepared for a day of coronation and final glory.

Let us not, then, be discouraged, nor look in fear upon the signs of our times. Let us not be afraid to think as men ought to think; let us not be afraid to speak as men ought to speak; and let us not be afraid to act as men ought to act. As, when he has once got his star and his observation, the shipmaster sails, though it be stormy and dark, and, taking counsel of his compass, sails on, till he comes safely into port; so let us take our star and our observation, and then take in sail for no man's fears, but steadily press forward to the consummations which God is working out in this world.

To-day, more than on any other day in my life, I might recite causes for thanksgiving in my private experience and yours. To-day more than on any other day in my life, I see the progress of that well-ordered work by which the latter-day glory is to break like golden morning, bright over all the earth.

I give thanks to God now; and, by-and-by, with you, and with all the redeemed, will I give thanks to him in heaven!

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* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Thursday morning, Nov. 24, 1859. Reported for *The Independent* by T. J. Ellinwood.

FROM OUR ENGLISH CORRESPONDENT.

England, Oct. 28, 1859.

There is much writing of the Revivals; the ignorant hostility of the learned and philosophic, if not abated, is much less manifested. Some ask, whether it will or not put an end to Presbyterian dippings into the public purse, and to "log-rolling" in order to a deeper dip; also, whether "The Church" of Scotland, in Edinburgh, will be so revived as to cease to hale Presbyterian elders to the Calton Gaol, in order to enforce payment of clerical demands according to law, but contrary to non-Presbyterian Gospel. Mr. Brown, one of the prisoners, who was redeemed by his friends, who feared his life would be endangered, as he suffered from heart-disease, has published *A Week in Gaol*, a piece of free gossip, with reflections and descriptions of states of mind. Describing his arrest, Mr. Brown says:

"I immediately left the shop with the officers of justice, taking what might be a last farewell glance of a place I had long been accustomed to look upon—for my mind was irrevocably made up never to pay the tax, or suffer my friends to pay it, if I could prevent them; and I knew, from the past doings of the Annuity-tax paid ministers, that they would never issue orders to have the prison doors opened, and permit their victim to go free, while the tax was unpaid, no creditors having ever proved themselves more relentless than these clerical ones."

A long chapter, or rather an awful library, might be written in illustration of the last part of this sentence. Mr Brown speaks of the peace and joy of the Lord's day in prison as great and unaccountable.

There is great priestly fermentation in Ireland. The Romish prelates attempt to grasp schools, colleges, and the public taxation; also an agitation to raise a literal Papal army, to put down the "miscreants" who in the Papal states are securing their liberties. John Mitchell, too, who has a grand talent for running away, has left that plantation, and those fat negroes, which "the South" did not give him, and is in Paris, from whence he writes to invite the Irish to invite the French Emperor to come and rule over them, and help them to rule over the British. What a strange creature the Irish patriot is! Clamors for liberty; has it to license, in the press, and by representation: and clamors to put it down. So of the French Emperor. Three days since the *Siècle* reproduced this letter to Pope Gregory XVIth, written in 1831, when the Prince was among the Italian patriots with his brother, fighting for emancipation from the Papacy:

"M—— will tell your Holiness the truth as to the situation of things here. He informs me that your Holiness was afflicted at learning that we are in the midst of those who have revolted against the temporal power of the Court of Rome. The Romagnols in particular are intoxicated with liberty. They are to arrive this evening at Terni, and I must do them the justice to say that among them there is not one who attacks the chief of religion. This is owing to their chiefs being most estimable men, who prove that their attachment to religion is as great as their love of temporal independence. It appears that what is decidedly wished for is a separation of the temporal and spiritual powers. I state the truth, and I suppliciate your Holiness to believe that I have no ambition. I can also affirm that I have heard all the young men, even the least moderate, declare that if Gregory will abandon temporal power, they will adore him: they will become the warmest supporters of true religion, purified by a great Pope, the basis of which religion is the most liberal book that exists—the Holy Scripture.

"Louis Napoleon Bonaparte"

This is terribly malapropos, and of course the *Moniteur* has to disclaim it, and does so; saying it was written by the other Prince Louis Napoleon, who died at Forte in 1831.

We may have no climate in England, but, certainly, have weather which the lovers of variety might covet. Last week a bit of Indian summer, injured by the voyage, of course, and the elms holding high their green and leafy honors, as in June: then suddenly snow-storms, below zero, and the rare ice, etc. Anon a wild southern gale, strewing the coast with wrecks: then sudden stillness; and amidst all a veritable touch of the earthquake, in Cornwall.

Mr. Stephenson has been buried in Westminster Abbey: he has bequeathed $125,000 to various public institutions, chiefly in Newcastle. The Christian Knowledge Society receives $10,000; Society for providing additional Curates for populous places, $10,000; and the Newcastle Infirmary, $50,000.

The Count Colleredo, representative of Austria at Zurich, has died of apoplexy. The death of Louis Spohr, at Cassel, is heard of by telegram through Cologne. The Earl of Jersey is dead, thus surviving the late earl, his father, only three weeks; the present earl is a youth of fourteen. He is the grandson of the late Sir R. Peel, whose eldest daughter the late Lord Jersey married. Let an old epitaph be added, and a close rendering, with a moral for the little ones, be asked of the host of literary readers of *The Independent*:

Quod fuit esse quod est,
Quod non fuit esse quod est,
Esse quod non est
Quod non erit esse.

W.

MR. SPURGEON AND DR. CUMMING.

London, England, Oct. 14, 1859.

After all that has been written about Spurgeon and Cumming, it seems hardly fair to say another word. And I would not think of filling up the columns of this paper, if I had but my random fling to make or my old prejudice to indorse. But as it seems to me that both Spurgeon and Cumming have been unjustly dealt with, nay, cruelly wronged, and as I heard them with no prepossession, I cannot refrain from speaking of the impressions which they both made upon me. Spurgeon I have heard once, Cumming twice. 'Tis true, once or twice even does not give one a complete view of a distinguished preacher's varied powers, yet as, according to Johnson, you do not need to eat a whole leg of mutton to see whether it is tainted, so one does not need to hear a noted preacher for a year to detect faults which, if real, must be flagrant and open as the day.

I will not dwell on the well-known and often-told means of getting in to hear Mr. Spurgeon. Enough to say, that Saturday before last I went to hear him, but owing to unexpected delays, was twenty minutes late. The gates of Surrey Gardens were shut, and some hundreds were standing around them. I asked a policeman if there would be admission to strangers, and was told that he could admit not one more; that every corner was filled to the utmost. Yesterday we were there three-quarters of an hour before the time, but even then hundreds had gathered, and were standing close by the gates. Every five minutes brought new hundreds, until at last thousands were waiting in solid phalanx. The happy possessors of tickets were admitted and seated, but those, less fortunate, who had none, were wedged in one of the densest crowds in which it was ever my misery to be packed. At just eleven the bars were taken down, and for one minute there was desperate work. To have slipped and fallen there would have been certain death. A little girl, about eight years old, was before me, whom it was downright folly to bring there, and I had almost to fight to prevent being hurried over her and trampling her under foot. One of the ladies of my party was thrown with such violence against a post as to hurt her considerably, and endanger her more. The crowd streamed on into the hall, and, flushed and palpitating, I got a *locus standi*, a *pou sto*, for myself, and half of a seat for the three ladies with me, each of whom occupied it by turn. The place is a comical one for a church, and the audience a comical one for a congregation. The room has great size and fine accustic proportions; but what do you think of seeing the pictures of two pugilists on a meeting house, with an announcement of their coming rencontre. What do you think of seeing beneath the pulpit great staring letters [illegible] To the Refreshment Rooms! What do you think of green and blue placards by their side announcing concerts past, present, and to come—a hibernicism, but true, for not all the placards were fresh. The audience were a little while coming into religious trim—the flush and the fever of the crowd could not be put away in five minutes. Boys were standing on their seats: men were standing up, and gazing listlessly around; women were panting, and busily wiping their faces with their pocket-handkerchiefs. Numbers of men were sitting and standing with their hats on, and the solemnity of the entire congregation did not equal that of a flushed throng at our least solemn anniversary meetings. Certainly, thought I, this congregation cannot be charmed and subdued in an hour into reverence and attention and awe. But eleven o'clock came. The house was crowded, the three galleries, all, even to the pettiest landing-place on the stairs. At five minutes past eleven there was a stir near the great green box which is Spurgeon's pulpit, and the well-known figure and head were seen moving through the great crowd, which thronged the platform even to the pulpit doors. You who see the fat animal which serves as frontispiece to Spurgeon's works, reprinted in America, have not the man. True, Spurgeon is fair; true, he is in Church-of-England condition; true, he has a little narrow forehead, heavy, drooping cheeks, small and inexpressive eyes, fingers soft and white as the lily, and a nose which is not faultless, and is not a little removed from the Roman standard of convexity. Spurgeon's face, when he is not working nor thinking, is a poor face, and you have it well enough in the American edition of his sermons; but when he is working and thinking, that little forehead of his becomes so knotty and expressive, those little eyes so flash and twinkle, and those great cheeks become so radiant, that you say it is a shame that half a million of readers on the other side of the Atlantic should have no truer conception than is given them of that frank, pleasing, radiant countenance. His mouth expresses indecision, but his action and bearing and voice indicate strength of will and character. But it is his voice and his action which are his main weapons. His voice is soft, but strong, and is used with so little effort that you soon forget the vastness of the multitude which hears. Indeed, there was no particular in which I was more disappointed than in the absence of loud, flowing oratory of the Titanic school. Ease and mastery are apparent in all that he does and says. To speak occasions him little trouble—to think, even less. In his highest and finest flights, he never is flushed nor hurried, his face remains as clear and white as when he spoke the first word. We hear much of his coarseness and want of dignity, and I fear we too often think of Spurgeon as a clerical madcap—loud, excitable, flowing, and coarse, perhaps ungrammatical, certainly far removed from elegance. I have never read his sermons; I only know him by one sermon; but of this one I most coolly but strongly declare that it was not only an exhaustive treatment of the subject of a heart divided between God and the world, but that it was chaste, polished, and rightly tempered. With much that was strong and pointed, it had not an extravagance of thought or expression. Every sentence had a cadence, every illustration was apposite and elegant. I heard no words from the congregation, on coming out, indicating that this was a remarkable effort, and I have therefore thought it over as carefully as I could, and drawn as close an analysis of his power as possible. I can but convey my impressions by comparing him with Mr. Beecher. Of these two noted preachers, Mr. Spurgeon excels more in solidity and compactness and sequence of thought, Mr Beecher in beauty and finish and effluence of illustration. Mr Spurgeon is a *cumulative* preacher; beginning simply, he grows deeper and wider and more solemn and pointed to the end. The train of his thought becomes more apparent as you come with him to the close; and you therefore carry his sermon away with you, and can note it down or give an abstract to another. The thought suggests the illustration, when you recall the sermon, not the illustrations the thought. Mr. Beecher strings his pearls on a thread of thought which sometimes you can hardly see, so closely set are the gems. He is a succession of flashes, each dazzlingly bright, revealing a world of wondrous beauty for an instant, and is then gone. Beecher's "gems" would be finer than Spurgeon's, but Spurgeon's thought is the most compact. And he is not betrayed by an excitable nature into extravagances; Mr, Beecher sometimes is. Spurgeon is not a man of great physical vitality; he is large and strong, but not a man of passion and sensibility; hence he does not magnetize his congregation; and I do not know that I could say anything stronger than this to convince you that I am writing a cool and true analysis of his preaching. He is earnest, but not vehement and impassioned; and the man who can do what he has done and is doing, must be a man of thought or a poet. But Spurgeon is not a poet; he has not the lyrical mind of Beecher, but he is a patient, thorough, *exhaustive* preacher. He is not so wide, and catholic, and diffusive, and multiform as Mr. Beecher, but when he preaches he turns all his power into that channel, and then, in an easy, natural, manly, direct, deliberate way, he preaches as a great man would talk about religion on a grand scale. Witty, manly, tender, sympathetic, pungent and pointed by turns, he ranges from one kind of address to another with all the ease of a child exchanging his top for his spelling-book.

I went to hear Cumming with even greater prejudice than to Surrey Gardens. But ten minutes of that still, small voice, ten minutes of that seer-like reading of the secrets of the Christian's heart, told me that however much Dr. Cumming may misinterpret prophecy, no man stands before him in interpreting the Christian to himself. The aspect of the man was perfectly familiar, the sleek hair, spreading but not noble white brow, homely Scotch face. The little Bible was in his hand, as I knew before I went that it would be. The vast congregation was there too; like every congregation of Scotch Presbyterians, intelligent and solemn. But I did not know how still and sweet and calm is his manner, nor how deep his spirituality. We will leave the prophecy question all out right now, for he has not many followers among you in America. But this I can say, after hearing him preach the Gospel twice, without touching upon his peculiar notions of things, that he is a man whom it is most edifying to hear. Spurgeon would be perhaps a better instrument in the hand of God in the conversion of men, but I have not heard a man who would better feed the flock than Cumming. The well of his spirituality seems immeasurably deep, and as he talks along in his sweet, still way, it seems as if the refreshing waters of a spring were gushing out of the rocks, and then running away with a gentle sound, while thousands stoop down and taste and get refreshment and strength. There is one thing noteworthy in Cumming, beside his insights and intuitions and spirituality, and that is the purity of his doctrine. His prayers, dropping impromptu from his lips, are as rich and gracious as those of the English liturgy, and an acceptable service might be rendered to the church by taking down these effusions as they fall unstudied into the ear of God.

With that great congregation, the second in London in size, he "talked right on," having a subject indeed in which he is especially strong, namely, Christian nurture, but not raising his voice nor making a gesture to the end. Cumming is the most *womanly* preacher whom I ever heard; he is *womanly* in tone of voice and in action, and *womanly* in those *intuitions* and prophetical revelations, not of the Old Testament, but of the regenerate heart to itself. This tells what Cumming is more than the fullest description which I could give; and if you have ever heard a gifted and spiritual woman expound the Scriptures and speak connectedly of religious things, you can get the best idea which I know how to give of the power of that rare man, who twice every Sunday draws a congregation equal to the population of many American towns around him, and expounds to them the riches of divine grace. Let men ridicule Dr. Cumming and judge him by his Millenarian fancies, but he has two sides to his character, and in future I shall rather think of him as the seer who penetrates the depths of divine love, rather than as the misguided believer in the future temporal glory of the Jewish race.

Gystricute.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

To the Editors of The Independent:

Italy, October 20, 1859.

Gentlemen: For the last fortnight the most important news concerning Italy has not come from Italy itself, but from Bordeaux, Paris, and Zurich. From Bordeaux we have had the long-expected imperial speech about the temporal power of the Pope; a cautious, short, but significant speech, which has caused the Italians, upon the whole, much satisfaction. The Emperor acknowledges that all the Powers of Europe do not share his opinion that the Pope's temporal sovereignty is compatible with the independence of Italy, and he thus prepares minds to see him some day abandon its defense, as yielding humbly to the opinion of others. The phrase, also, in which he asks the Archbishop what the French troops (which must soon quit the Eternal City) are to leave behind them—"anarchy, terror, or peace?" is equally full of meaning. Everybody knows that as soon as the French soldiers leave Rome a revolution would break out and sweep away the whole Papal power. Napoleon sees only one remedy, one means of averting the danger, and accordingly for years his embassadors have been shouting in the ears of the Pope—Reform! Reform! But the Pope has been deaf to their advices, and I add that he could not listen to them and carry them out without committing a sort of suicide. *Sit ut est aut non sit*, is the necessary motto of the Papacy, in civil as well as in religious matters. Mr. Bunsen, who, as embassador of Prussia at Rome for many years, and having himself written the plan of reforms proposed to the Pope in 1834 by the representatives of all the great European Powers, is as competent a judge of the question as can be found, was saying before me not long ago, "Don't speak of reforming the Pope's Government! Nothing can mend it; it must stand or fall as it is. Mending it! it is like trying to make a negro white by washing his face—the more you rub him, the blacker he grows." Such is also the opinion of all in Italy, and of many European cabin

LETTER FROM MAINE.

BANGOR, NOV. 11, 1859.

IN connection with our commendation, in a recent letter, of the Secretary's report of the state of our churches in Maine, it was intended to make one suggestion, which, it is believed, would involve an improvement—that in future he leave off the titles, and let all stand together simply as Christians and Christian ministers. It is certain that, so far as the ministry is concerned, we do but poorly, when we do our best, in this display of suffix dignity. How much better would it be, how much better *appear*, to stand all in the simplicity of Christ. The pains sometimes obtrusively taken to restore every omission of this kind, to assure to every titled brother the due exhibition of his honors, must be highly offensive to a large class of minds. It seems sometimes, almost, as though bodies of ministers brought themselves together, in a sort of ecclesiastical menagery, mainly for the purpose of flourishing their tails; when alas for those that haven't any!

Our churches have recently lost a titled member of high worth and influence in the death of Ex Governor Dunlap of Brunswick. His funeral was attended by hundreds and even thousands. And as he lay before us in death, and as we heard, from one and another, the testimony of his singular devotedness, of the perpetual reign of the love of Christ in his soul, we felt that, among his honors the greatest one was that he was so clearly a Christian. On this occasion Dr. Adams, his pastor, had a rare opportunity to give a testimony to the truth and reality of the great Christian change—an opportunity skillfully improved. It was the testimony involved in the experience of him then lying before us. At the time of Dr. Adams's settlement in Brunswick, Mr. Dunlap was essentially and fixedly liberal in his religious views and preferences. When the vote prevailed, in that ecclesiastical society, to establish an orthodox ministry, Mr. D., with many others, seceded, and set up worship, in another place, of a more lenient type, where the intellect would not be taxed with mysteries, nor the conscience and life with any stringent requisitions. Some five or six years after this, in the first year of Mr. Dunlap's incumbency as Governor of the state, at the time of a series of religious meetings in Dr. A 's church, calm, profound, heart-searching in their influence, the Governor's minister followed out his sense of duty in preaching with some severity against these meetings, and warned his people against attending them; and the Governor, taking to himself his right of private judgment thereupon, decided to go and see for himself. He did go; and he found it a still, and solemn, and convictive place. At a moment of no passion, in the service of prayer, the arrow of God entered him; his sin, he had hardly known before, now pained and oppressed him; and the burden went with him by day and by night; until by his own fireside, in the presence of his family, in the listening to a little trestize there read aloud, which answered the great question,—*What shall I do!* with the apostle's simple, pregnant answer, Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ!—he said, with surprise, Is that all? and then knelt and uttered that surprise in a prayer of penitence and gratitude—the prayer, we cannot doubt, of believing reception of and heartfelt consecration to Christ. The testimony of this case, as given by Dr. Adams in that presence, it did seem, must have great weight with all reasoning men. To any in doubt about this work of God's Spirit in the heart of man—this radical, spiritual change—a *sudden* change—we say, Take this single instance in hand—take it simply as a question of science—philosophy. A great moral effect is here. A man, by a brief and quiet, but mighty process, is made into the opposite of what he was before. A cool, far-seeing man, himself coolly and in the inured conviction of years disbelieving the whole doctrine, which now took its vital embodiment in himself—take this case, and account for this effect. Hear his testimony: "I know it to be a transforming reality, and I believe it to be of God." Mark his walk ever after, in the obedience and honoring service of God; in the love of Christ—his soul's passion till he died; in the sacrifice of prayer and praise; and it seems to us no man can account for it scientifically, on any admitted principles of reason and philosophy, without *referring it*, where all Scripture refers it, to the Spirit of God. He is one born of God, born again. This is one of the great redemptive truths; the one stationed at the beginning—the entering-door of God's kingdom; to high and low alike it comes with its unbending exclusiveness: Ye must be born again. S.

American Home Missionary Society—*The Evangelist* publishes the following notice from the conductors of *The Home Missionary* in regard to the "corrections" which we copied a few weeks since:

"'CORRECTIONS CORRECTED.'—*The Evangelist* for November 3d contains a portion of an article entitled 'Errors Corrected,' published in *The Home Missionary*, and a reply to the same by 'Presbyter.' We see nothing in that reply which requires us to modify a single statement contained in the 'Corrections;' but one error we are glad to learn was attributed to 'Presbyter' through misunderstanding. In severing from its connection a portion of a paragraph which relates chiefly to the American Missionary Association, we inadvertently made him say of that Institution what as we now discover, was said of the Connecticut Missionary Society. As we aim at entire accuracy and fairness, we cheerfully make this explanation of what he is pleased to call a 'flagrant falsification.'

"EDITORS OF THE HOME MISSIONARY.

"Nov. 5, 1859."

We are authorized by the editors of *The Home Missionary* to say also respecting the "Corrections" noticed in Presbyter's *second* article in *The Evangelist* of Nov. 10th, as well as those which have not been noticed at all, that *they see no occasion to modify a single statement contained in them. They are correct.*

HOME MISSIONS.

THE controversy between Presbyterians and Congregationalists in relation to Home Missions has brought several facts to light, and settled some important courses of action.

1. That the demand for aid for its feeble churches by a district, whose self-sustaining churches refuse to aid the common treasury, will be steadfastly resisted. The Alton Presbytery, while collecting and disbursing $2,500 for merely denominational purposes, pays next to nothing into the common treasury, and yet demands from that treasury the support of its feeble churches. This call is resisted by the American Home Missionary Society on the ground that auxiliaries should not draw from a treasury which they are unwilling to replenish.

2. This position of the A. H. M. Society is sustained by the whole Congregational denomination as perfectly just. All its ecclesiastical bodies have expressed the sentiment of the churches by unanimous votes. The stand thus taken has been taken with a full understanding of the whole matter, and there will be no departure from it.

3. On the other hand, the course of the Alton Presbytery is sustained by the highest ecclesiastical authority of the Presbyterian Church, viz., the General Assembly, and they are prepared to stand by it, as has been testified in the most decisive manner.

4. The position of the A. H. M. Society has led to an enlargement, by the General Assembly, of the persons and duties of the Church-Extension Committee, appointed four years ago—who are now charged to raise funds, the present year, to the amount of $30,000, to meet, as is alleged, the wants of suffering, feeble churches, and devise other missionary purposes. This Committee is now a new institution. It is a Home Missionary Society. It is to do for the Presbyterian Church what the A. H. M. Society has, for thirty years, been doing for both denominations, viz., to raise funds, send forth missions, organize churches, etc. It stands in a clear antagonism to the H. M. Soc., and cannot be sustained without at every step crossing the path of the Society.

Now as the H. M. Soc. have kept steadily on in one course, and acted on one general principle, that of impartial distribution of funds, the Congregationalists continue their perfect confidence in that institution. They seek no change. "Do as you have done," is the universal appeal. Now all who desire change can be gratified by changing the object of their own confidence. The Church-Extension Committee is the creation of the highest authority of the Presbyterian Church. It is, to all intents and purposes, the New-School Presbyterian Home Missionary Society. All that now needs to be done is, that all Presbyterian funds be committed to that new institution, and all Presbyterian churches put under its care, and then all collision between the denominations will cease. "Ephraim shall not envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim."

To this separation, as immediate, or not far off, all the wise and good men on both sides are now looking—some with feelings of painful regret and sadness—others with a pleasing hope of a clear escape from entangling alliances, and otherwise never-ceasing controversy.

The Congregationalists of Massachusetts have given their funds with a noble liberality, charging the Committee at New York to sustain needy churches without one thought or care to which of the two denominations, in the copartnership, they belonged. In the event of the secession of their Presbyterian brethren, they will go on giving. They have got such a habit of doing good in this way, that they will go ahead in the work as a matter of course; only that they will have a higher denominational fervor, and will do more than ever for the spread of Christianity in the form they received it from the Puritan fathers.—*Boston Recorder, Oct. 27th.*

Religious Intelligence.

CONGREGATIONAL.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—WILMOT.—Rev. J. L. Arms was installed, November 10th, as pastor of the Congregational church in Wilmot. Sermon by Rev. T. N. Haskell of East Boston; Charge to the Pastor by Rev. Dr. Bouton of Concord; Installing Prayer by Rev. Horatio Merrill of Salisbury; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev J. M. R. Eaton of Henniker; Address to the People by Rev. Henry E. Parker of Concord; Concluding Prayer by Rev. Daniel Goodhue of Danbury.

MINUTES OF THE GENERAL ASSOCIATION.—The minutes this year are very neatly printed by McFarland & Jenks of this city, and show commendable painstaking of the Statistical Secretary to make them give a correct statistical account of our churches. There is yet great need of more care and effort of the several Associations to make the tables to report the true numbers in all cases. The summary of the tables is as follows: 189 churches, of which 33 are vacant; 6 churches are Presbyterian, and 183 Congregational; 183 ministers, of whom 95 are pastors, 58 stated supplies, and 30 without charge, 12 licentiates, 21,120 church-members, of whom 3,592 are absent; 1,418 additions, of which 970 were added by profession, and 448 by letter; 920 removals, of which 362 died, 494 dismissed, and 63 excluded; 784 baptisms, viz., 486 infants and 298 adults, and 23,661 Sabbath-school scholars. Every church is reported this year.

The largest church in the state is the First church in Nashua, which has 461 members. The Olive-street church has 443 members, and is the next largest; 192 in these two churches are reported absent. There are six churches having between 300 and 400 members, averaging 343 each, or, deducting absentees, 280 each. Seventeen churches between 200 and 300, which average 231 members each, or, deducting absentees, 201 each. Sixty-two churches, between 100 and 200, average 141 members each, or, deducting absentees, 118 each, and one hundred and two churches, under 100 members, average 53 each, or, deducting absentees, 43 each.—*Journal.*

MASSACHUSETTS—BERKSHIRE.—The Berkshire North Association met at North Adams on the 31st of October. Howard Crosby, D.D., appeared, and sustained a very thorough examination, and was licensed. He has thus taken at least one step toward the ministry. As much was said in the papers at the time his title was conferred by Harvard University, we mention the fact of his licensure with pleasure.

NORTHFIELD.—Thursday, the 17th, a council met at Northfield, to install Rev. Willard Jones pastor of the Trinitarian church of that beautiful village. The Sermon by Rev. Dr. Crawford of Deerfield, from 2 Cor. iv. 7, was an able and excellent discourse, on the work of the Gospel minister. Rev. Mr. Wells of Hinsdale, Vt., offered the Installing Prayer; Rev. Dr. Chandler of Greenfield gave the Charge to the Pastor in his own suggestive and affectionate style; Rev. S. D. Clarke of Sunderland followed with the Right Hand of Fellowship; and Rev. P. C. Headley of Greenfield addressed the people.

The audience was large, the day beautiful, and the spirit of the occasion hopeful. The entertainment was ample and unrivaled on the part of the people. Every Christian heart acquainted with this feeble church, struggling with error and worldliness, must fervently pray for the revival of God's saving work there.

PINE-STREET, BOSTON.—On last Sabbath, Pine-street church was reopened for public worship. Considering how little notice had been given of the opening of the house for worship, the audience was highly respectable for numbers, being about three hundred. It is ascertained that a large number of families are unwilling to abandon this place of worship. Several responsible men have taken a lease of the church for one year, with a determination to maintain the ordinances of God's house. In the judgment of many, it is certain that a house in this location is much needed for the accommodation of Orthodox people living around it. If this object can be accomplished, the enterprise has our best wishes for its success. Rev. Dr. Blagden preached in the morning, from John iv. 20–24. His object was to show that places impart no sanctity to the worshiper, and yet places consecrated for this purpose aid our devotional feelings. The heart is the seat of true worship. God is a spirit, and they who worship, must worship him in spirit and in truth. Many of the people who formerly worshiped in this house, appeared highly gratified to return. Rev. Mr. Smith, lately of the Shawmut church, preached in the afternoon. It is expected that he will supply for several Sabbaths.—*Recorder.*

It will be remembered that we gave an account, a short time since, of the application of certain gentlemen to a committee appointed by the Orthodox churches of the city, for advice in reference to the expediency of reopening the old Pine-street meeting-house for Orthodox worship, and of the fact that that committee unanimously declined to advice such reopening. We learn that the parties interested have, however—in the face of this advice—leased the house for one year, and that public worship was resumed there on the last Sabbath, Dr. Bladgen preaching in the forenoon, and Rev. Charles Smith, late of the Shawmut church, in the afternoon. The audience was carefully counted by two persons, who agree in stating that, notwithstanding the personal popularity of the speakers, exactly one hundred and seventy-five listeners were present in the forenoon, and about seventy more in the afternoon. —*Congregationalist.*

NEW JERSEY—JERSEY CITY.—Rev. W. C. Bartlett, who for the past eighteen months has satisfactorily supplied the First Congregational church of Jersey City, has relinquished that charge. In response to his communication signifying his desire to occupy another field, the church say to him: "With great pleasure they would testify to the Christian fidelity and godly example he has exercised in their midst." And they also attest the "faithfulness and ability which have distinguished his pulpit ministrations."

SOUTH CAROLINA—DORCHESTER RUINS.—In spending recently a few pleasant days at Summerville, we were permitted to visit the site of the once considerable town of Dorchester. This site is on the banks of the Ashley, about six miles from Summerville. Only a few vestiges of the Puritan colony remain, the spot where their houses once stood being now a plowed field, undistinguished from ordinary corn-fields. The broken and crumbling tower of the church-edifice still lingers, a bold landmark, to suggest pensive thoughts about the past, and thoughts *not* very pensive about the present. This brick tower is really a noble relic, some eighty feet high, (if we mistake not,) massive and graceful. It indicates the character to which it belonged was a structure of no mean architectural pretensions—far superior, indeed, to any house of worship now standing in the region of Summerville. We are told that a few years since considerable remains of the walls of the church were visible, but all traces of them are now swept away, *the bricks having been carried off to be used in building chimneys and to serve in kindred utilitarian purposes.* This is what we meant by saying that this ruin suggests thoughts touching the present neither pensive nor pleasant.

The tombs also are in a state of utter and revolting dilapidation, calling in silent but beseeching eloquence for the kind visit of some new Old Mortality. The little area which contains this venerable tower and these graves, was manifestly the ancient church-yard, and might easily have been preserved as an inviting resort for pilgrims. But now it is covered with a rank and luxuriant undergrowth, interlaced with vines, filled with dangerous pit-falls, (old graves, perhaps,) not merely a ruin, but a howling little wilderness from which one recoils as the lurking-place of poisonous reptiles and fabulous dragons.

We suppose that in this, as in so many similar cases, nobody in particular is responsible for the desolation that broods over this spot. It is, probably, one of those sins of thoughtlessness and neglect, chargeable on the indeterminate and conscienceless public. We can only regret and mourn that so interesting a ruin should not have been preserved in a condition which would at least say to the passing traveler, "Pause and think!" But even yet that old tower is worth saving from further encroachments, and those grave-stones ought to be rendered accessible to other than quiet, zealous, and adventurous antiquarians.—*So. Bapt., Sept.* 27, 1859.

WISCONSIN—WITHDRAWAL.—The Beloit Convention in Wisconsin has withdrawn "fellowship and confidence as a minister of the Gospel" from Rev. William A. Baldwin, a member of that body, for his "rejection of the doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, Human Depravity, and Eternal Punishment of the finally impenitent."

PRESBYTERIAN.

SOUTHERN PIETY.—*The North Carolina Presbyterian* (Old-School) counsels that the agent of the Boston Tract Society, who is operating in that state, should be *driven off.* The same paper, commenting on the above, says: "When it is remembered that that agent has been persistently engaged in violating the law, and has incurred its heaviest penalty, and farther, that the tendency of his efforts is to lead to a repetition of the Harper's Ferry Massacre, none will doubt the prudence, whatever they may think of the 'piety,' of *The North Carolina Presbyterian's* counsels."

LAY-PREACHING CONDEMNED.—The Established Church of Scotland has raised its voice against lay-preaching. Rev. James Smith, one of her best ministers, co-operated with Messrs. North, Radcliffe, and others, in labors to promote a revival, which resulted in the conversion of hundreds in his own parish. This seems to have disturbed the sticklers for order, and he was called to an account for the proceeding before his Presbytery. He defended and justified himself by the example of Knox. It was of no avail, the Presbytery reprimanded him and ordered him to desist. He appealed to Synod, which sustained the Presbytery's gentle rebuke. He then carried the matter to the General Assembly, where there were several speeches in favor of lay-preaching within *certain limits*; but the Assembly deemed it proper to decide against him.

Mr. Smith returned to his work as before, and even greater blessings followed it. The Presbytery would have enforced the sentence of the Assembly, but they feared the odium of such a course. The charge against Mr. Smith seemed to be that he was abandoning Presbyterianism, and adopting the usages of Independency. One of the speakers in the Synod used the following language in addressing him:

"If you wish to have an Independent church, do it straightforwardly, and tell what you want. But if you maintain the truths of your forefathers—they maintained Presbyterianism against Independency—then you must be true to your ordination oath. If you want Independency, by all manner of means, take it. You must be prepared to take Presbyterianism or Independency. The thing we have most to fear in these exciting times is not Roman Catholicism, nor Episcopalianism, but Independency."

WASHINGTON CITY.—The First Presbyterian church, Washington City, whose house of worship is rebuilding, have been invited, with their pastor, to occupy the Episcopal church, (Rev. Dr. Butler's,) and also one of the Baptist churches.

EXTENSION OF EFFORTS.—We learn with pleasure that Rev. Charles H. Chester, formerly of Niagara Falls, now residing at Geneva, N. Y., has entered upon an agency for the Presbyterian Publication Committee in Central and Western New York. Whilst it is desirable that our churches should, as rapidly as possible, acquire such habits of systematic beneficence as to admit for diminution of agencies, it is obvious that nothing but personal labor will serve to introduce a *new cause* to their confidence and affection. Our Publication Committee needs to be brought before the people—its intentions and claims must be explained, and its importance unfolded. Questions must be answered, and objections met. For this work a living man is needed.—*Am. Presb.*

BAPTIST.

WORTH RECIPROCATING.—A Presbyterian friend who reads *The Examiner* does the considerate thing of inclosing us a check, as a Thanksgiving contribution, for the money to send the paper for a year to ten "good old Baptist ministers" who do not feel able to subscribe for it.—*Examiner.*

AN INDIAN PREACHER.—Rev. A. N. Cusick, an Indian chief from Canada West, preached on Sunday in the three Baptist churches on the Island. He thought that the residents of the Island should do something for the red man, especially as their forefathers bought the Island from the Indians with a loaf of bread and a bottle of whiskey.

A HEAVY DOSE.—*The Louisiana Baptist* says that Rev. J. R. Graves, editor of *The Tennessee Baptist*, preached in Mt. Lebanon, La., last week, to a large and *patient* audience, for *three hours and a quarter!*

EPISCOPAL.

DR. TALBOT'S ACCEPTANCE.—Dr. Talbot, as we learn from *The Church Record*, of Chicago, has decided to *accept* the Missionary Episcopate of the Northwest. We knew the temptations to remain in his present thriving and important parish, with its beautiful new church-edifice only lately completed, and his growing sphere of influence; and we knew the difficulties and dangers of the heavy responsibility he is called to assume, in the vast Missionary field placed under his jurisdiction. But we felt sure that he would decide as we are happy to learn that he has done. His consecration, *The Church Record* adds, will take place at Indianapolis, in his own parish church; but the day is not yet fixed.—*Church Journal.*

A WELCOME INTO THE CHURCH.—The new parish at Plainville, Connecticut, consisting of a large number of families, who, together with their minister, have lately left the Congregationalists, will soon occupy the church which is being erected for them by the liberality of Connecticut Churchmen. An organ and a set of communion plate have been given to them; but the church wants various articles of furniture which have not yet been provided for. These, which will cost some three hundred and fifty dollars, it is proposed shall be presented to this interesting congregation, as a token of welcome into our communion, by the Churchmen of New York. Nearly one hundred dollars have been already contributed. Those who are disposed to unite in the object, are requested to send their donations to Mrs. Richardson, 242 West Twentieth street, or to the Editors of *The Church Journal.* This is not a pressing want, indeed, calling for charity; but an opportunity for a spontaneous and graceful exercise of churchly kindness, which we hope our readers will appreciate.—*Jour.*

METHODIST.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.—The death of Rev. J. R. Downey, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, took place at Lucknow on the 16th of September. Mr. Downey was one of five missionaries who sailed from Boston for Calcutta a few months ago, and had but recently arrived at Lucknow, when he was removed by death. He was a gentleman highly esteemed by all who knew him, and believed to have been well qualified for the duties he was just entering upon.

ANOTHER COLLEGE.—Major M. A. Browder has left by his will the sum of $100,000 to the Greenville Collegiate and Military Institute—a school that is under the patronage of the Alabama Conference. The interest on this large sum is to be applied to the payment of professors' salaries, and the education of poor boys. This is, we believe, one of the largest bequests ever made to any one institution in the country. Major Browder's name deserves to be handed down to the latest posterity, and his memory ever held dear by the poor, for whose benefit he has made this princely bequest.

MISSIONS.—The distribution of the amount appropriated for the support and extension of our missionary work for the year 1860 is as follows, namely:

Africa	$21,265
South America	1,000
China	24,646
Sandwich Islands	500
India	32,000
Scandinavia	5,570
Germany	14,088
Bulgaria	5,090
Total to Foreign Missions	$104,159
To American Domestic Missions embraced in forty-seven Annual Conferences, and covering a vast proportion of these United States and territories	84,235
German Missions	45,750
Indian	6,650
Foreign population other than German	12,375
To liquidate existing debt	8,500
Contingent for unforeseen emergencies	10,000
Office expenses and salaries	5,000
Incidental expenses	10,000
Total	$383,669

This makes an advance of $22,120.

REFORMED DUTCH.

BROOKLYN HIGHTS.—The Reformed Dutch "Church on the Hights" (late Dr. Bethune's) have given a unanimous call to Rev. James Eelis of Cleveland, Ohio, to become their pastor. The pastor elect is a young man, at present connected with the Presbyterian Church. His first settlement was at Van Buren, this state, whence he was transferred to Cleveland, where he has been settled over a very prosperous congregation during the last five years.

THE JAPAN MISSION.—At the late meeting of the Am. Board, in Philadelphia, Rev. Dr. Taylor of New Jersey, upon invitation, made some statements and remarks of great interest, in regard to the missionary operations of the Reformed Dutch Church since their separation from the Board. He said:

"Though separated now in organization, we are still with you in heart, and are endeavoring to urge on the work as God gives us ability. The contributions of our churches have increased, in one year, from $12,000 to 25,000. Besides our other missions, God has, by a wonderful Providence, laid on us Japan also. The subject had been thought of, and prayed over, by some, and especially by the missionaries in China. At a meeting in New York, Chancellor Ferris unexpectedly presented some letters from these missionaries, and proposed the subject of a Japan mission for consideration. A brother rose, and said he would pledge the support of one missionary for five years; another pledged the support of a second; another sent up a card pledging himself for a third, but withholding his name from the public; and the congregation pledged for a fourth. It was desirable that a missionary to Japan should understand the Dutch language, but owing to difficulties with the Dutch Government, it was thought necessary that one should be sent from this country. A young brother was found ready to go, with every qualification. Then a missionary physician was wanted. God opened the door and gave us one; and the church where he had belonged became thereby interested, and undertook the support of another missionary. One of those to be sent out was a man with a family. He had a little boy ten years old, for whose support provision must be made. A minister mentioned the case in a small country church, where he went to preach on the Sabbath. After service, a man came up to him and asked—When do you go back? To-morrow morning, by the first train. Then you must come home with me this afternoon. He went. The man said: This past week, some money has very unexpectedly come into my hands, and I wish to give $500 for the support of that missionary's son, while he gets an education. I am not a professor of religion; but this money came very unexpectedly, and I wish to give it to the Board! It was suggested that he had better keep it, and pay it out as the boy might need. I may die, said the man, and then he may not get it at all. Do you take it—it is all here in the house, in gold—carry it with you now! And there is more than $500. Here, it is $850, take it all, and if you want more, and this is gone, call on me, and if I am able I will see the boy through! Since that time this man has been converted, and is now a member of the church.

"Thus God prospered our work, till we were permitted to sing together, and bid our missionaries farewell, on board the vessel. Never has there been known such liberality in our churches. Our College has been blessed with the influences of the Holy Spirit. Our Theological Seminary has now sixty or seventy students, when before we thought it very well to have thirty. And what is more, six or seven of these have banded together to go out as foreign missionaries, and have chosen Borneo as their field, that they may preach the Gospel to the poor Dyaks again.

"We are one with you in the work; our Abeel, and Thomson, and Stryker, lie with your missionaries under the sod; and we want to share with you, next year, in your jubilee. Brethren, the God of peace be with you as well as with us, and that for evermore."

ISRAELITES.

EDGAR MORTARA.—We perceive from the intelligence by the Arabia, that a protest with regard to the Mortara abduction case, signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a large proportion of the peers and influential commoners of Great Britain, has been transmitted to the French Embassador at Rome, to be presented by him to the Pope. We have not yet seen the end of the Mortara case, by any means. We advise our readers to keep an eye on Italian affairs. Edgar Mortara will not be incarcerated in the Papal dungeon for ever.—*Jewish Messenger.*

JEWS IN SWITZERLAND.—Mr. J. P. Levy writes from Washington to Mr. Isaacs of this city: "It affords me much pleasure to inform you and our co-religionists, that our Minister, the Hon. Mr. Fay, at Switzerland, has at length got a favorable hearing of the Swiss Government, in relation to the American Israelites residing in that country, and he has also fine expectations that the Bavarian Government, too, will put them on the most favorable footing that other foreigners enjoy. This news has reached me from an authentic source, of date the 21st of October last."

MISCELLANEOUS.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—*The Springfield Republican* says that David Dudley Field of this city has subscribed $250 toward getting an organ worth $1,800 for the new chapel of Williams College, provided $750 more can be obtained, and the organ purchased before Commencement.

FIRST PROTESTANT MISSION.—The first mission of Protestants was that of the Huguenots to Rio Janeiro in 1556, which was broken up in 1558. The enterprise was concerted by John Calvin and Gaspard of Coligni, the noble leader of the Huguenots, and the most distinguished victim of the St. Bartholomew massacre.

GENERAL SCOTT ON THE SABBATH.—The steamer in which Gen. Scott was a passenger, arrived at San Francisco on the Sabbath, and the public demonstrations of respect immediately followed. In his address the General deprecated the influence of such interruptions of the quiet and sanctity of that day—the time of his arrival not being under his own control.

"I am," he said, "a church-going man. I have not failed to go to church on a Sunday for forty years, whenever it was possible to attend. I am always sorry to stay away from Divine service."

MINISTERIAL AND CHURCH REGISTER.

Changes.

ANDERSON—Rev. S. McC. Anderson of Fredericksburg, Ohio, has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian church, Davenport, Iowa.

BEDELL—Bishop Bedell is to reside at Gambier, and occupy the chair of Pastoral Divinity in the Theological Seminary.

BOWEN—The Right Rev. Dr. Bowen, Bishop of Sierra Leone, who died after being seventeen months in the colony, has bequeathed his library and books to his successors, for the use of the college and scholars.

BOWEN—The Southern Baptist Board of Foreign Missions have appointed Rev. T. J. Bowen, formerly missionary to Central Africa, pioneer missionary to Brazil.

BREAKER—Rev. J. M. C. Breaker of Beaufort has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church of Columbia, S. C.

BURT—Rev. N. C. Burt has received a call from the Clinton-street Presbyterian church, O.-S., in Brooklyn, formerly Dr. Spencer's.

CADY—Rev. Edwin C. Cady, late of Hamilton Theological Seminary, entered upon his labors as pastor of the Portland Baptist church, St. Johns, N. B.

CARVER—Rev. R. Carver is at present supplying the pulpit of the Congregational church in South Franklin.

CROWE—Rev. Thomas Crowe of South Hanover, Ind., has been called to the pastorship of the First Presbyterian church on Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

DOD—Rev. Mr. Dod, late a Presbyterian minister of Princeton, has lately been ordained to the ministry in the Episcopal Church by the present Bishop of New Jersey.

EELLS—Rev. James Eells of Cleveland, Ohio, has been called to the Reformed Dutch church on Brooklyn Hights, late Dr. Bethune's.

GUINNESS—Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness, the young and gifted preacher from Ireland, has arrived on our shores. His object is to preach Christ to the masses. He has already preached several times in Philadelphia, and is attracting great attention.

HOYT—Rev O. P. Hoyt, D.D., has removed to Elkhart, Ind., and taken the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian church.

JOHNSON—Rev. L. H. Johnson has removed from Elkhorn, Wis., to Rockford, Ill.

JONES—Rev. J. L. Jones of Riga, N. Y., has accepted an invitation from the Presbyterian church at New Providence, Marion co., Mo.

KOCH—Rev. Gustavus Koch, pastor of the German Protestant church in Louisville, died lately in that place aged 36.

MORRISON—Rev. N. J. Morrison, recently pastor of the Congregational church, Rochester, Mich., has accepted the appointment of Professor of the Latin and Greek Languages in Olivet College, Olivet, Eaton co., Michigan.

PAGE—Rev. E. H. Page, formerly of Charlestown, Mass., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Greenwood Baptist church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PAGE—Rev. Jesse Page of Atkinson, N. H., is now acting as stated supply of the Chestnut-street Congregational society in Lynn.

PICKARD—Josiah L. Pickard, Esq., of Platteville, formerly of Maine, has been elected to the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wisconsin.

PLUMMER—Rev. Charles H. Plummer of Lawrence, Mass., who has been supplying the pulpit of the Mariner's bethel in Providence, R. I., for several months, has received a unanimous call from the church and the Providence Seamen's Friend Society.

RENSHAW—Rev. Charles S. Renshaw, pastor of the Congregational church in Richmond, Mass., is dangerously ill with an enlargement of the heart.

SHELBY—Col. Ben. Shelby, a prominent Kentucky lawyer, is about entering the ministry of the Baptist church.

STEARNS—Rev. Dr. Stearns of Newark was seriously injured at the Jersey City ferry, last week. He was in the act of stepping upon the boat before it was quite up to the bridge, and missing his footing, he slipped and fell between them.

THOMAS—*The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin* states that Rev. Charles B. Thomas has become pastor of the Unitarian church,—formerly Rev. Theodore Clapp's,—St. Charles street.

TOOF—Rev. E. M. Toof has been invited by the Presbyterian church at Holley, Orleans co., N. Y.

TOTTEN—Rev. Silas Totten, D.D., lately Professor in William and Mary College, Va., has accepted the Presidency of Iowa State University.

TWINING—Rev. Wm. Twining, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Wabash College, is preaching to the Congregational church at Beardsville, Ill.

WALTON—Rev. J. Walton of North Adams has received a call to become pastor of the Congregational church in Rockford, Ill.

WIGHT—Rev. J. Ambrose Wight is hereafter to share with Brother Norton the editorial conduct of *The Presbytery Reporter.* He brings a large experience to the discharge of his duties.

WILEY—Rev. Dr. Wiley, formerly of Utica, N. Y., has been called to the pastorate of the Reformed Dutch church of Geneva, N. Y.

WILLIAMS—Rev. A. D. Williams has removed from Smyrna to Allegan, Mich.

WILLIAMS—Rev. R. G. Williams has been called to the Congregational church in Birmingham, Ct.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Prepared Expressly for The Independent.

AUSTRIA.

Reorganization of the Evangelical Churches of Hungary.

THE long expected Imperial decree on the reorganization of the two Evangelical Churches in the kingdoms of Hungary, Croatia, and Sclavonia, in Servia, the Banat, and the Military Frontier, has at length appeared. It was signed by the Emperor on Sept. 1st, and officially published on Sept. 10th. Both Churches receive the same constitution, although they will remain separate as before. The constitution is in the main Presbyterian. The congregations elect the Presbytery, which consists, besides the pastor, of one inspector (curator) and several elders, deacons, and treasurers. In congregations numbering more than one thousand souls, all the male members, who have the right of voting, constitute the Local Convention, in which the right of electing the pastor, the presbytery, and the teachers of the denominational schools, and of administrating the property of the church and school, is vested. If the congregation numbers more than one thousand souls, the local convention consists of from one hundred to two hundred chosen representatives. A certain number of congregations form a District, (*Seniorat,*) presided over by a Senior, who is elected by the presbyteries of the district. The District Convention, which meets twice a year, consists of all the pastors and an equal number of lay deputies. The senior, with three clerical and four lay members, all of whom are elected, form the District Consistory. Several districts are united into a Superintendency, presided over by a superintendent, who is elected by all the presbyteries of the superintendency. He shares the administration of his district with an Assembly, consisting of all the seniors and an equal number of lay deputies, and a Consistory, to which, besides the Superintendent himself, three clerical and four lay members belong. A General Conference formed of the superintendents, of one or more clerical and two lay representatives of each superintendency, will meet once a year. Every sixth year a Synod will assemble, consisting of the superintendents, three clerical and four lay representatives of every superintendency. The Protestant elementary schools are placed under the sole control of the Ecclesiastical Boards. The ecclesiastical jurisdiction is exercised, first, by the District Consistory; secondly, by the Superintendent Consistory; thirdly, in certain cases specified by law, by the General Conference; and, lastly, by a Supreme Ecclesiastical Church Court, which will be instituted after some further deliberation with the superintendents.

How the Imperial Decree has been Received.

The reception of the Imperial decrees on the part of the Protestant press of Austria and Germany, has been on the whole a favorable one. It is remarked by some papers that there is no other Protestant State Church in Europe, except the Established Church in Scotland, in which the laity enjoy so fully an equality of rights with the clergy, or which exercises and which enjoys so large an amount of self-government. *The New Evangelical Church Gazette* of Berlin remarks: "We acknowledge with gratitude toward the Emperor and his government, that the hopes of the Protestants have been fulfilled in the main, as the Evangelical Church has been elevated from the inferior position of a merely tolerated sect to that of a church with equal rights. We shall have also no reason to complain that the rights which the state reserves to itself, are too extensive, if the constitution is faithfully executed. To the principle of free election greater concessions have been made than in most of the Protestant countries of Europe. The future must show whether the Church of Hungary is fit for this degree of liberty or not." It is a fact of great importance, that not a single Catholic paper of Germany has dared to complain of the concessions made to the Austrian Protestants. The unsettled political state of Germany has taught them the necessity of toleration, and however much their attachment to the merely theological opinions of the Church of Rome may have been strengthened in late years, the dreams of a restoration of the Papal power by other means than persuasion, has among them hardly a single prominent representative. Only in Austria there is a small, yet influential court-party, which has openly declared itself opposed to granting equal political rights to the Protestants. This party acknowledges to have suffered a complete defeat by the new Imperial decrees, and the Vienna correspondent of the Ultramontane *Gazette de Liège* of Belgium, expresses the views of at least a considerable portion of this party, if he regards the notorious Concordat as virtually abrogated.

Concessions to Protestantism.

Simultaneously with the publication of the Imperial decree of Sept. 1st, several Protestant petitions, which have been repeatedly addressed to the Emperor during the last years, have at length been granted. The Protestant department in the Ministry of Public Worship will be in future presided over by a member of one of the Protestant churches, and its former President, Baron von Werner, who was not only a Catholic but a member of the Ultramontane party, has consequently been supplanted by a Protestant, the Aulic Councillor Zimmermann. Permission has also been given to take up, in all the Protestant churches of the empire, an annual collection for the purposes of the Gustavus Adolphus Association.

Protestant Grievances.

There remain, however, a number of old grievances of the Protestant population, which still await redress. The Protestant schools are still far from being placed on an equality with the Catholic. The law on mixed marriages, which provides that if the father be Catholic, all the children must be educated in the Catholic religion; while, on the other hand, if the father be Protestant, only the sons are claimed by the law for the religion of the father, is not yet revoked,—and but recently it has become known that the children of deceased Protestant officers, both civil and military, are received into the state establishments, founded for orphans of this class, only on the condition that the parents or guardians consent to their being instructed in the doctrines of the Church of Rome. To avert the dangers which thus threaten the religion of many poor bereaved families, the venerable Pastor Fliedner of Kaiserswerth, Prussia, the founder of the Community of Evangelical Deaconesses, has made arrangements which will secure to from twelve to twenty-four Austrian orphans a gratuitous boarding and instruction in a Prussian orphan asylum, near the Austrian frontier.

Poverty among the Austrian Protestants.

It has been long known that the churches and schools, the clergymen and the teachers of the Austrian Protestants, have been suffering, in many cases from extreme poverty; but the details published respecting this point in a recent letter of Mrs de Wette, the widow of Professor de Wette, have startled the public sentiment of Europe. She undertook last year a journey to Moravia, in order to inform herself by personal investigations of the state of things. Moravia has seven Lutheran parishes. The dean who resides at Fauehtel, a small village at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, has a salary of about 180 thalers (90 dollars.) And yet his lot is much better than that of his brethren in the ministry. A brother-in-law of the dean has a salary not exceeding 80 thalers, (56 dollars,) by which he has to support a wife and ten children. It may be inferred from this to what degree of poverty the widows of preachers must be reduced. Mrs. de Wette met with one who was nearly starved, while another had hired out as a servant in Vienna. Notwithstanding this poverty the Protestants are unswerving in their attachment to their Church. The Gustavus Adolphus Association of Germany, and a similar association in Switzerland, have greatly deserved in their behalf, by providing them with means to build churches and schools, but more support from abroad will be needed to extricate them from their present embarrassed situation.

The Roman Catholic Press in Austria.

The above-quoted correspondence of the *Gazette de Liège* makes also important admissions on the condition of the Roman Catholic press in Austria. "Take, moreover, into consideration," it says, "that a Catholic press, with a few very

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The Independent.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1859.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are happy to announce that our subscription list is increasing more rapidly than ever before, and as a special inducement to our readers we will say, that for every *two new subscribers* sent us with $5, we will credit the party sending the same with one year's subscription.

OUR NEW DRESS.

The Independent appears to-day in a new type and an improved quality of paper. A few columns on an inner page, left over from last week, and printed from the old type, will serve the better to point the contrast of the new.

Our circulation is increasing more rapidly than at any previous period in the history of the paper. The dismissal of all canvassing agents, and the sifting down of subscribers by the commercial revulsion of 1857, have brought our subscription list to a permanent and substantial paying basis. Its increase for the past two years has been steady and reliable; and we feel warranted in saying, that the list now exceeds that of any Congregational or Presbyterian newspaper in the country.

While the weekly publication of Mr. Beecher's sermons has sensibly increased the number of regular subscribers to the paper—besides increasing the demand for it at the news-depots—we do not rely upon this or any other single feature of the paper, for its highest usefulness and success. We shall aim to make *every* department, News, Literary, Commercial, Correspondence, Editorial, worthy of its place, and of essential value to the reader.

In view of the great discussion of moral and political duty now before the American people,—a discussion which the approaching Presidential canvass will intensely highten,—we would respectfully urge upon our subscribers the importance of doubling our list in their several neighborhoods. Never was the position which this journal has maintained in opposition to slavery, and in defense of an untrammeled Gospel, more important than at this moment; and we are sure that the friends of truth and right will do all that they can to extend the circulation of *The Independent*, and thus increase its power for good.

OBLIQUE SELFISHNESS.

The cry against selfishness is common enough; almost as common as selfishness itself is. So involuntary is the testimony of our better feelings; so inevitable the secret response to generous appeals; so wickedly wide the chasm between our handsome sentiments and our practical moral economy! Many people keep a well-stocked lumber-room of speculative virtues and proper maxims, either in the garret or the cellar,—according as they are intellectually ingenious or basely imitative,—where they resort for the occasions of social respectability, but wonderfully separate from the depository of their household utensils. The pictorial plan of their life is one thing; its running-gear quite another.

There is an oblique selfishness of etiquette. Some of the politest persons in the world are all the time preying upon the objects of their attention and flattery; reminding us of Byron's remark, in one of his Letters, that the most studiously courteous man he had ever met picked his pocket. This trick of subordinating the sacredness of other men's personality to our own comfort is of many sorts. There are those who seek introductions to eminent men, with the ostensible purpose of paying a tribute to their distinction, but really for the advanced consideration they expect to gain by the contact,—having respect to the eminence but not to the character that earned it, thinking nothing of what noble gifts these affluent souls may communicate, but how the name of their greatness may be borrowed to cover a gap void of all nobleness whatever. It is the irritating detection of this mean sycophancy which renders distinguished men sometimes reserved, sometimes shy, and sometimes brusque in manners, creating a disappointment in those who approach them with a more generous spirit, and even bringing upon them a reputation of incivility.

There is a selfishness of the sympathies. There are those that go about grasping at other people's affections for luxury or amusement,—sentimental highwaymen, sometimes philosophically and impudently analyzing the tortures they inflict, making a metaphysical study of the natures they are ruthless enough to rob, and consuming the peace of any agreeable comer in the insatiable greediness of a Satanic genius. It is not necessary to quote, as an example, that brilliant German name, almost covering a national literature in itself, which has served to illustrate how distinct the world of thought may be from the world of life; how separate is intellectual ability from strength of character; and how an inventive mind may win an almost boundless admiration without laying the first stone of a monument in the best hopes and holiest faiths of mankind. There are those who make it both a business and a recreation to lay and manage sly schemes for converting other people's gifts and advantages into their own private possessions, while yet they would be shocked at the idea of doing so with money or merchandise.

Another class—and a larger one—because needy feelings are more common than philosophical curiosity—exhibit the selfishness of the sympathies by the unreasonable and incessant demands they make on their friends for counsel, attention, or an aimless sentiment. Ministers are naturally the special victims of this sort of plunder. As the appointed sources of moral advice and spiritual comfort, they are expected to receive recitals of all real and imaginary woes. If they are genuine and disinterested followers of their patient Master, they will be not only ready but thankful to listen to any real grief, and to have occasions spread before them of administering any real solace. But the trial lies in a region beyond this. Persons are known to go to their pastor, even in the few and precious hours he can snatch for study, and deliberately unfold before him recitals and grievances which, to the most obvious view, are too trifling to be repeated or else admit of no possible relief but a temporary endurance. Doubtless there is a kind of gossiping pleasure in thus *talking out* petty annoyances; but it is a selfish pleasure. If it is not a covert mode of self-justification, it is a fruitless consumption of valuable time. It embarrasses a minister's simplicity, tempts him to silly condolences, or involves him in personal or family dissensions. Some of our readers will recall the dismay with which they have witnessed the beginning of one of these unscrupulous uncoverings of a morbid sensibility; the cool laying aside of shawl and gloves; the fatal remark dropped in after the disclosing process has been going on half an hour, "I hope I am not taking up your time," which signifies that you are in for a good hour more at least; or the equally appalling, "Well, here I must go back, and tell you how this came about!" Nor are the cases very rare where it presently appears that, after all, the primary purpose is not to get any light, but merely the poor easement of pouring out a complaint; for if you try to edge in a suggestion between the fast flowing sentences, you are soon made to feel how secondary your office in the dialogue is meant to be. What minister has not thrown himself back, after the completed and fruitless ruin of a morning in this way, with the desperate wish that there were a clerical stalking-horse to be hired by the half-day, or a consolation-mill to grind for all mechanical and imaginary cases? Let all sufferers from small and ordinary sorrows, before they seek to have their trouble shared, candidly ask themselves, Will the sharing diminish the amount of the suffering, or only double the number of sufferers? Is it a grief, which, after all, no stranger can intermeddle with, a secret between God and my heart, or a problem I must work out, under his Spirit, alone? This is unselfish, disinterested sorrow. Very often it is what calamities are sent expressly to produce, and all the benefit of the discipline is lost by the tax imposed on all surrounding sympathies.

We do not forget that there are opposite instances, where the friend or the minister is wronged of an opportunity to aid and bless, by too much reserve; and where a sensitive nature shrinks too carefully from enlisting another's heart. But one extreme ought not, in this thing, to beget another.

A still more repulsive and unrighteous obliquity of selfishness is where personal pleasures are indulged, no so much with a direct as with an indirect disregard of the moral security of others. The obliquity, and the special danger, are in this fact of indirectness. Thousands of respectable housekeepers, who would not for the world injure the moral integrity and purity of their domestics, do so remorselessly by the arrangements of their families, and by putting in their way needless temptations to fraud, intemperance, lying, Sabbath-breaking. A man has gone a good way toward the denial of God and the rejection of Christ, who determines to have and enjoy his own luxuries, no matter at what cost of principle in his clerks or his servants. It is the proper business of a Christian to be constantly looking about him, more and more widely and thoroughly, more and more scrupulously, to see just where his common customs and enjoyments may possibly damage others,—*whether they damage him or not*. Sometimes this conscientious inquest will so open his eyes that he will then for the first time see some practices to be wrong and injurious *for himself*. But however this may be, if he sees that they mislead any soul in the world, that they are even likely to corrupt any weak conscience, that they can be quoted on the side of vice, that they may weaken in any measure that thin barrier which is all that keeps an irresolute mind from dreadful sin,—then he will desist. This is Paul's grand, rugged, self-denying morality. The holy and evangelical element is in it. "Shall I destroy him with my meat *for whom Christ died?*" There is the motive; and under the sanctity of it, "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no meat,—drink no wine, while the world standeth." Noble and sacred resolution! How it cuts with rebuke into many of our thoughtless, luxurious ways! How severely it calls to judgment especially those that have in charge the training of the young! No educators are fit for their place who are not Christian educators; and no Christian educator will ever hide himself from a just and strict self-denial under the foolish and flippant plea, "Oh, it will not hurt *me;* every one must take care of himself; why should I deny myself a gratification, *lawful for me*, lest somebody else shall sin?" Because Christ bids you, who died for you and them! Because it is right. "Thy brother's blood crieth from the ground." No flimsy pretense of irresponsibility will excuse you. One pleasure of your body or mind, purchased at the cost of a soul's transgression, is a treachery, a wickedness, a mean and criminal selfishness, with the curse upon it.

MENTAL HALLUCINATION AND MORAL HEROISM.

A man who has exhibited before this nation and the world the noblest example of Moral Heroism witnessed by this generation, is to be hung to-morrow for a Mental Hallucination. It is impossible to make the world believe that John Brown is a *wicked* man. The object at which he aimed was good and righteous. No one who believes that the negro is a man, no one who believes that "all men are created equal," no one who believes the Bible, will pretend that the slave has not an equal right with his master to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. No candid and enlightened mind can deny that *in itself* the complete emancipation of the slaves of the South would be a just and righteous thing. In view of the best interests of both the slave and the master, there is a choice as to the time and mode of emancipation. Christian philanthropy dictates wise and patient, though earnest and decided, measures toward this end, and discountenances those precipitate and violent measures that scruple not at any means. But the end itself, the complete emancipation of the slaves, viewed as a fact accomplished, can be regarded only as just and righteous;—just and righteous, if it come as a voluntary confession by slaveholders of their wrong, none the less just and righteous, if in the way of retribution upon slaveholders for their persistent iniquity. The present masters at the South have no right over the slaves, which would not equally pertain to the slaves themselves if at any time they could gain the mastery. The two parties are in a state of war; and the conquerors hold the conquered as their slaves. If the conquered and enslaved party could turn the tables upon their oppressors, and reduce *them* to abject bondage, they would have all the rights which the slaveholder now claims. Slavery rests not upon reason, or natural right, or any moral sanction whatever, but solely upon brute force. If there is any right with the slaveholder, it is the sheer right of force, and this continually challenges the enslaved to resist and overthrow it. A successful insurrection would transfer that right to the victorious party, and the black freeman could hold the white slave by the same tenure by which the white man now holds the black. The title would be just as perfect in the one case as in the other.

The abstract right of the enslaved to emancipate themselves by force, if they can, is simply in abeyance. No degree of oppression passively endured, no duration of undisputed servitude, can vitiate that right. It simply bides the time for its assertion. But the rightfulness of any particular attempt on the part of the enslaved to achieve their own freedom by force, must be determined by those principles which legitimate a revolution, viz.: that the evil sought to be removed by force has become intolerable; that there is no other apparent way of deliverance; and that there is a reasonable prospect of deliverance in that way. If ever that day of conflict shall come in the South, the life of the slave will be just as good as the life of the master; and the instincts of humanity will be with the oppressed rather than with the oppressor. These are wholesome truths, which the new crisis that John Brown has precipitated upon the slaveholders must compel them to consider. May they heed this warning in the speedy and peaceable abolition of slavery, lest a worse thing come upon them!

But the rights of the oppressed with respect to their own deliverance, do not alone determine the duties of those who are outside of their sphere. The fact that a man is unjustly sentenced is not enough to warrant the bystanders in violently rescuing him from the officers of the law. The fact that one is unjustly imprisoned may not warrant us in raising a mob to break down the jail. Other questions are to be considered, other interests regarded. The right of any person to join in a general African revolution in the South, is as perfect as was the right of Lafayette or Kosciusko to join the American colonists in their rebellion against Great Britain, or the right of any man to join Greece, Poland, Italy, Hungary, in a struggle for freedom. But every such volunteer ally goes at his own risk, subject to the fortunes of war. If taken, he must expect the vengeance of the party in force. The almost certainty of a disastrous result to any invasion of the South for the emancipation of slaves, the palpable impossibility of accomplishing anything for the enslaved that would warrant an armed expedition from without, is enough to condemn such a scheme as weak and foolish, even when the actors cannot be looked upon as criminal. The Moral Heroism of John Brown, his unselfish devotion to the cause of the weak and the wronged, is truly sublime. The Supreme Court of the United States had uttered the *dictum* that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect. John Brown threw himself in the face of that decision, and at the very heart of the system for which it was uttered, saying, these poor, despised, enslaved black men have rights for which a white man is willing to die. The whole nation has heard that voice, and applauds the sincerity and bravery of him who uttered it.

But when we look at the scheme by which John Brown thought to accomplish his end, we see that he labored under a mental hallucination, none the less weak and flighty because it had possessed his mind for twenty years. *Hallucination* is the fittest term by which to describe his mental state. He was not crazy in any common acceptation of the term. He knew perfectly what he was about. He planned for it deliberately, cautiously, and as he thought efficiently. But the average common sense of mankind applied to such a scheme as he proposed to himself, would have exploded its fallacy in a moment. It was absurd to think that the slaves of the South, unarmed, undisciplined, accustomed to be cowed down by force, unorganized for action, unprepared by conference and discussion, would rise at the beck of a stranger, and put their lives in jeopardy in an unknown and untried scheme of emancipation. It was absurd to imagine that any number of slaves, though accompanied by a bodyguard, could be marched through Pennsylvania and New York toward Canada without being attacked and overpowered by the militia of those states and the Federal troops. The least reflection should have convinced a sound mind that to arouse a town and a commonwealth to the revenge that terror inspires, and then to shut oneself up in an arsenal from which there was no escape, must result in the swift destruction of all engaged in such an enterprise. The bare statement of such a scheme as that of Brown, is enough to condemn its author as void of judgment. And the fact that he devised this scheme, and pertinaciously adhered to it through years of discouragement, and had the fullest confidence in it to the last, is proof that he labored under a hallucination, by which reason was blinded or persuaded against itself. Aristotle says that "the command which Reason has over the Imagination resembles that of a magistrate over a free citizen; *who may come to rule in his turn.*" Some Phantasm in the brain of John Brown had come to rule his reason.

It is not difficult to analyze this hallucination into its elements. An intense sympathy with the oppressed, working upon a nature of rare simplicity and benevolence, made him willing in the most literal sense to put himself in their stead; willing, if need be, to sacrifice himself in their cause. A noble sentiment of humanity, a Christian spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others, was evidently the spring of his whole movement. With this ardent sympathy with the weak and wronged, was united a strong faith in God as the hater of iniquity, and in the Providence of God as upholding the right. His reading of the Old Testament had impressed him with the fact that God had often interposed by very feeble agencies to overthrow the enemies of righteousness. The examples of Gideon, Jephthah, and Samson, haunted his imagination with the idea that a bold stroke for the right would carry with it a favoring Providence. His conflicts with the border-ruffians in Kansas, and the prodigies achieved by his bravery, gave shape to what had else been but the dreams of a religious enthusiast. His successful foray into Missouri gave opportunity to test his calling to assault slavery in its own citadel. His conversation and prayers abounded in allusions to "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" and the *hallucination* that he was called of God to imitate that valiant son of Manassch, thenceforth possessed his mind, beyond the power of reason and counsel to dislodge it. There is no infatuation so blinding to the reason, yet so inspiring to the will, as that of being called of God to execute his judgments and to work out his salvation. That hallucination lured John Brown to an enterprise as weak and disastrous as its motive was pure and generous.

He dies to-morrow as a criminal, for that hallucination. But no verdict of jury nor sentence of court, nor all the clamor and execration of affrighted Virginia, can make him a criminal in his own eyes or in the eyes of mankind. Had he been shot in the fray or hung by a mob, his act would have been condemned as crazy, and he would have passed away almost unpitied. But his demeanor upon his trial and in prison has brought out his Moral Heroism in bold relief against his mental hallucination; and men hardly pause to pity his delusion, in their admiration of his character. There he stands, free alike from selfishness, from hypocrisy, from cant, from bravado, and from fear, ready to testify by his death against the crime of holding men in bondage. He will betray no weakness to impair the moral testimony of his latter days. His execution will expose the weakness and the cruelty of slavery; and posterity will enroll his name with the martyrs for freedom, unchallenged even by a "Commission of Lunacy."

Fashion and Trade.—The changes of fashion may favor some departments of trade to the detriment of others. Just now a large and important branch of business is threatened by a mere caprice of the Empress Eugenie. It is stated that the Empress, who herself originated the fashion of hooped-skirts, has suddenly abandoned it for an almost perpendicular style of apparel. It is to be hoped that American ladies will not for this relinquish a style of dress which combines so much comfort and beauty, and contributes so decidedly to the health and ease of the wearer.

But our concern is chiefly for the numbers who are employed in the manufacture of an article which has created a distinct department of trade. Take, for example, the establishment of Messrs. W. S. & C. H. Thomson, in this city, or any like establishment, giving occupation to hundreds of hands, and making the skirt-factory, like the depot of sewing-machines, a very bee-hive of industrious workers. We do not believe that such establishments have had their day; or that health, comfort, beauty, and industrial wealth, are all to be sacrificed to a new caprice of fashion.

LOGICAL FALLACIES.

In the discussion of moral questions, as well as of the more difficult themes which belong to philosophy and religion, much mischief comes from the use of equivocal language. The equivocation is bad enough when words and phrases, used by the writer or speaker in one sense, are liable to be understood by the reader or hearer in another sense. But it is much worse, because much more subtle and deceptive, when the writer or speaker himself glides unconsciously from one meaning of a word or phrase to another, and makes his conclusions of approbation or denunciation accordingly. The superiority of a well-trained, calm, logical mind, over an illogical, tempestuous, and declamatory mind, in the discussion of moral questions, consists chiefly in the skill with which the former avoids on his own part, and detects on the part of his adversary, the use of equivocal language.

Under the old system of logic, a syllogism, or regularly constructed argument, consists of three propositions,—the major premise, the minor premise, and the conclusion. Logic has so far gone out of use in modern controversies (hard names and bitter accusations—such us Pelagian, Abolitionist, Puseyite, Pro-Slavery, Black Republican, Loco-foco, and the like—being found much more convenient) that perhaps it will not be wholly useless to our present purpose if we show the meaning of those old technical words by an example. The following, then, is the form of a syllogism: "Every animal lives; Man is an animal; Therefore man lives." The first proposition is the major premise, the second proposition is the minor premise; and these two being established or conceded as true, the conclusion is also true.

As an instance of that false reasoning which depends on the equivocal use of words, we may take the following syllogism: Animals may rightfully be killed for food; Men are animals; Therefore men may rightfully be killed for food. The fallacy of the syllogism lies in the twofold sense of the word animal. In the major premise, that word is used in a legitimate but restricted sense, signifying irrational animals. In the minor premise, the same word is used in the comprehensive sense, including what the limited sense excludes.

Take another instance of the same fallacy, not quite so gross. All worship is appropriate to the Sabbath day; Work is worship; Therefore work is appropriate to the Sabbath day. Some good men have actually been entangled by this fallacy. All work is worship if it be done in faith, in the service of God, in the devout recognition of his presence and of responsibility to him. With him who walks by faith, and who has learned to "do all to the glory of God," all his work *is* worship. Why then should he not work on the Sabbath? Prayer, if it be not offered in faith, is not really worship, and is no more acceptable to God than work performed from selfish motives. Why then should not all men work upon the Sabbath? The fallacy here is of the same sort with that in the preceding instance. It lies in the equivocal use of the word worship. In that loose sense of the word in which work is worship, the major premise is not true. In the strict and proper sense of the word, the minor premise is not true. Therefore the conclusion does not hold. Man needs an intercourse with God, explicit, formal, and direct—a worship quite distinct from secular labor, and because this want belongs to human nature, the Sabbath was made for man.

The defenses of slavery which have so abounded in recent times, generally rest upon some such equivocation in the use of words. They undertake, for example, to disprove the proposition that slaveholding is, universally, a sin. And how easily is that done! Abraham was a slaveholder. The Israelites under the law of Moses might be slaveholders. In the New Testament churches, founded and guided by the Apostles, there were "believing masters," of whom Philemon was one; and those masters were slaveholders. In these instances slaveholding was not sin. But slaveholding is slavery, and slavery is slaveholding. Therefore slavery is not sin. Therefore this slavery which we have here in the United States, "slavery as it exists in the South," is not sin, but is a divine institution guarded and warranted by the Bible. Who does not see (if he will but keep his eyes open) that such arguments depend entirely upon that trick of logic which confounds the different meanings of a word, dexterously assuming that what is true in one meaning of a word, is equally true in another meaning of the same word?

We would not dare to say that this identical fallacy is not sometimes found among the opposers of slavery. That word, slaveholding, in particular, is very apt to introduce a fallacy into an argument, especially when the argument becomes rhetorical. You want to prove that slaveholding is sin. Very well. Here is your syllogism: Slavery is sin; Slaveholding is slavery; Therefore slaveholding is sin. The major proposition is universally conceded among evangelical Christians, except only those new-fashioned Christians in our slaveholding states, whom the New York American Tract Society is bound to please at all hazards; but the minor proposition would be denied by thousands of voices, as strenuously as other thousands would affirm it. So if you try another syllogism: All holding and treating of human beings as property is sin; Slaveholding is holding and treating human beings as property; Therefore, etc. Here is the same fallacy. A special definition is given to the word slaveholding in the syllogism,—a definition narrower than the ordinary meaning of the word; and the conclusion, true enough in that special sense, becomes false, and mischievous to the cause, when it begins to be used and applied in the ordinary sense. The man who undertakes to defend the enslaving of one portion of the human race by another—nay, the man who, having any influence, political, ecclesiastical, or moral, refuses to use it in behalf of the millions of poor and needy in this land crushed under an oppression which denies them every human right—is guilty of the sin of slavery, though perhaps he has never held and is not willing to hold the ownership of a slave. Two men find themselves invested, by the law of Virginia, with property in slaves. One of them, unwilling to hold such property, sells the slaves, or gives them away, and renounces all responsibility for their welfare. He ceases to be a slaveholder, but he has not thus got rid of the sin of slavery. The other recognizes his responsibility for the slaves; he stands between them and the oppressive laws—oppressive in their bearing upon him as well as upon them; he does for them all that he can without coercing them to remove; he throws the weight of his influence against the whole system of treating men as property. He is a slaveholder, but the sin of slavery does not rest upon his soul. If he was aforetime guilty of that sin, he has repented of it, and is bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.

We have been freshly reminded of these fallacies by the re-perusal of an article which appeared some time ago in *The Oberlin Evangelist*, and which has been republished and widely circulated in *The Tract Journal* of the original and national American Tract Society. Our Oberlin friends are undeniably and unequivocally Abolitionists of long standing and of high standing. The thoroughness—or as some would say, the ultraism—of their opposition to slavery, is beyond a question. Indeed it may be doubted whether the brother whose "lone conspiracy" as a preacher against slavery has been made the basis of an appeal for trans-Atlantic aid, is better certified in this respect than the entire corps, corporation, brotherhood, and municipality of Oberlin. But the Oberlin mind loves discrimination and exactness in discussion; and *The Oberlin Evangelist*, finding that some puzzled souls, somewhere, were perplexing themselves over that profound question, whether slaveholding is a *malum in se*, kindly volunteered to help them out of the difficulty. The article, for its clearness and good sense, is worthy of another publication; and those who have read it twice already, may not object to reading it again.

"Malum in Se."

This ambiguous phrase has of late been the occasion of some remarks among good men, on one side and on the other.

Manifestly, the first thing to be done in disposing of the mystery, is to attempt an accurate definition or two, reserving the heated declamation for a subsequent period in the discussion, if it shall be needed.

The phrase, simply translated, means, "Evil in itself." The ambiguity still remains, because of the double sense of the word *evil*. Do we speak of *natural* evil, *i. e.*, harm, mischief? or of *moral* evil, *i. e.*, sin? A practice or system then is *evil* in itself, *i. e.*, *naturally* evil, when in its proper and inherent nature it is harmful or mischievous. A practice or system is *sinful* in itself when, under all circumstances in which it can be supposed to exist, it implies sin in the doer or supporter. A practice, to be sinful in itself, must always involve a sinful *intention*—must be sinful in every case of its existence—must convict the perpetrator, whatever the peculiarity of his relations, or his degree of light, of a wicked purpose.

Thus, *murder* is a sin *per se*, because in its very definition it involves *malice prepense*—a wicked purpose. Every murderer is of course a sinner. Homicide is not a sin *per se*, because it *may* be perpetrated without a wicked purpose. But homicide is an *evil per se*, *i. e.*, a natural evil, because it is in its own nature harmful. But all the interest of the question is in its connection with slavery. Is slaveholding a sin *per se*? The question is the same as this: Is every slaveholder, by reason of his slaveholding, a sinner? The answer must of course turn upon the definition of slaveholding. Define it so as always to involve a selfish intention, and you make every slaveholder a sinner, and slaveholding a sin *per se*. Define it so as to cover every instance of the legal relation irrespective of the intention, and it is not a sin *per se*, because every slaveholder will not necessarily be a sinner by virtue of his slaveholding. Define slaveholding to be *the intentional treatment of a man as mere property, a thing*, and you make slavery a sin in itself, and every slaveholder a sinner. Give it any definition which implies the universal presence of a wicked intention, and the same thing will be true. Give it such a definition as not to include in every instance a wicked intention, and slaveholding is no longer a sin in itself, even if it be a sin in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Under any definition, slavery is an *evil* in itself—that is, a natural evil—being mischievous and harmful.

Properly understood, then, a discussion upon the question, Is slaveholding a sin in itself? is an attempt to settle the definition of slaveholding; and, when you have so defined it as to make slaveholding a sin in itself, and every slaveholder therefore a sinner, the conquest is scarce more than an illusion. The question still remains, in the case of every one who sustains the legal relation, Is he a *slaveholder?* Does his position imply the characteristic wicked intention?

For ourselves, we prefer the popular statement—slavery is wrong. As a system, it is unjust and mischievous; and, if every one who practices it is not guilty of injustice and wickedness, it is because there is some peculiarity in his relations to the system which saves him from complicity in the wrong.

DEATH OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Now that Washington Irving has passed away, our readers will recall with pleasure the graceful sketch of his person, his study, and his conversation, which appeared last week in the columns of *The Independent*. We seem to have been invited to a parting interview with the patriarch of American literature, in his own home. How beautiful the picture of one, who in the ardor and romance of his youth unconsciously created a name not for himself alone but for his country, in the world of Letters; who had devoted half a century to works of elegant literature—always pure, genial, instructive, and refining; who had done more than any writer of his time to educate the taste of his countrymen to a chaste simplicity of style; and who had consecrated his later years to a historical monument of Washington;—calmly laying aside his pen and resting from his labors, in the quiet enjoyments of his rural home, the society of selected friends, and the contemplations of religion. Just as our visitor described him, moving so peacefully in that retired home-circle, he passed away to his final rest, almost without pain or premonition. His death occurred on Monday evening.

The name of Washington Irving will live in American literature, while the name of Washington himself shall live in American history. The sneer of an English Reviewer, "Who reads an American book?" was long ago silenced by the name of Irving. And henceforth, not even the home of Walter Scott will be more sacred to pilgrims to the shrines of genius, than the house where Irving wrote the life of Washington.

"THE CHURCH IN AMERICA, OR THE AMERICAN CHURCH?"

Messrs Editors: Permit a constant reader to express a little surprise at your unsparing condemnation of these harmless and convenient terms in your notice of Prof. Smith's Chronology of Church-History, in your paper of Nov. 18th. You object to them as without "precedent or warrant in the New Testament." Must all our religious and ecclesiastical terms be reduced in this crucible? If so, we shall lose more than half of them.

Indulge the inquiry, whether analogy and good usage will not justify these terms? As the best writers speak of the Early Church, the Apostolic Church, the Latin Church, the Mediæval Church, the Church of England, the Free Church of Scotland, etc., etc., why may not the American Church be spoken of? Much as the churches in America differ among themselves, they still possess many marked qualities in common, that distinguish them from those of other lands.

But I particularly inquire, whether the use of the terms by such writers as Robert Baird and Leonard Bacon, does not give them authority. The heading of the fifth book of Dr. Baird's *Religion in America*, is "*The Church* and the Pulpit *in America*," and Dr. Bacon's Discourse before the Home Missionary Society, in 1852, is entitled "*The American Church.*" Is not your sentence of condemnation against terms already approved by the average of our best writers like an *ex post facto* law, which all our constitutions forbid? Itchenstoke.

In reply to our correspondent, we would remark first,

That since a true church-polity is to be sought for only in the New Testament, it seems eminently proper that all terms relating to that subject, should be made to conform to New Testament usage. We understand him to admit that such phrases as *the Church in America*, or *the American Church*, "are without precedent or warrant in the New Testament." We cannot regard these terms as either "harmless," or "convenient;"—not harmless, because they belong in the same category with terms which assert the most hurtful errors in church-polity; not convenient, because they convey no definite or intelligible idea. It would be a great advantage, if by adhering to the New Testament, we should "lose more than half" of such terms.

Secondly, as to analogy and good usage. We believe that such usage itself grew out of that great apostasy which turned away the minds of Christians from the simple church-polity of the New Testament, to those ecclesiastical organizations which aped the secular empires of the world. And the modern usage of so good a writer, for example, as Dr. Schaff, who was trained amid the State-church systems of the Old World, cannot be accepted as paramount to the usage of the New Testament.

In regard to the particular examples cited by our correspondent, we would remark that Dr. Baird, with all his excellences, can hardly be quoted as an authority in definitions or the discriminating use of terms. His *forte* is in another line of things. While we would defer greatly to Dr. Bacon for good English usage, and especially as an authority in matters of church-polity, we do not regard him as infallible. If the title used upon his sermon of 1852, was an invention of the printer, for brevity's sake, it argues nothing as to usage. If Dr. Bacon himself used it, his meaning was one which would not contradict the doctrine of that very sermon, which exhibits the local church in its beauty and efficiency. Such instances of this usage only show to what an extent our religious literature and our current modes of speech are affected by false ecclesiastical systems. It is high time that all who desire to restore the simplicity of the New Testament polity, should eschew terms which are in plain contradiction to that. It is better to resort to circumlocution than to perpetuate error.

We should be sorry if our criticism upon this point has diverted the minds of our readers from the earnest commendation which we gave to Professor Smith's work—the very best work yet produced of its kind. Most heartily do we renew that commendation; and we hope that both author and publisher will be rewarded for their pains, with the approbation of all the *churches* of Christ, both in America and throughout the world, and of *the Holy Church Universal*, which is one and indivisible throughout all ages, world without end.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

The great basis of our prosperity in this country is agriculture. Both in the value which it represents and in the number of hands which it employs, the agricultural interest far exceeds the commercial and the manufacturing interests, while it is the substantial basis of all our trade. In no country perhaps, has this interest been more advanced in the line of mere mechanical inventions for relieving the superficial work of agriculture; and yet in the application of scientific principles to the cultivation of the soil, American agriculturists are far behind those of England, France, and Germany.

Notwithstanding the existence of distinct Scientific Departments in our principal Colleges, where the application of science to agriculture is taught by competent instructors, the number of agricultural journals which profess to apply the discoveries of science to the problems of agriculture, notwithstanding the frequency of agricultural fairs and conventions, and the increase of professional agriculturists, the general cultivation of the soil is but little in advance of where it was thirty years ago. The reasons for this may be found in the fact that so few individual estates can be maintained in this country upon a scale which would warrant thorough experiments in scientific agriculture, and that the principal agricultural schools are too remote and too expensive (both in time and money) for the majority of plain, small farmers to profit by them. To obviate in part this latter difficulty, arrangements have been made to concentrate at New Haven the services of many of the most eminent Agriculturists and Horticulturists in a course of lectures and discussions which shall occupy but a single month, and can be attended at a moderate cost. Professor John A. Porter of Yale College, foreshadowed this plan of associated agricultural education, in an article on the subject in *The New Englander* for November:

"To realize such association of knowledge as would assemble from the farm, the garden, the nursery, the vineyard, and from the ranks of science, gentlemen distinguished for their skill in the various specialties of agriculture, practical and theoretic, and call on them to make each his contribution to the work of instruction. And then we would summon the intelligent and enterprising farmers of the country, young and old, to gather and learn from the most highly qualified among their own ranks the secrets of their own success. We would propose that such aggregations of knowledge, as have been suggested, should be made at as many different points in the country as the available material would warrant, and that the instruction they would furnish should be adapted as exactly as possible, in time and extent, to the circumstances of our agricultural population.

"Conceive of such a *plan* as we propose, realized and in successful operation all over our country—as great lights of agriculture emerged from under the bushels of their restricted neighborhoods, and gathered at centers such as our institutions of learning afford—the intelligent youth of the country assembled around them to kindle their own torches from the united flame, and carry them away to illuminate the communities in which they dwell; what an incalculable influence would thus be exerted upon the agriculture of our country!

"In addition to the vast amount of knowledge communicated, what might we not expect from the enthusiasm which would be inspired by the direct contact of the young agriculturist with that heaven of the highest science and the best practice to whose influence he would be subjected!

"The impulse thus given to agriculture would reach upon the related sciences, and stimulate to new discoveries which have not yet been made, simply for want of sufficient interest in the ranks of those engaged in agricultural pursuits. Science has without doubt contributions of immense importance to make to the agriculture of the future—so great that the mere suggestion of their possibility is enough to inspire all but the boldest with skepticism as to the practical wisdom of those who venture the predictions. Reflect, for example, that the fertilizing material which we bring at such vast expenditure from the islands of the sea, exists in its elements in boundless profusion, in the air we breathe and the water we drink, and that only a few *steps forward* may be necessary, on the part of science, *in her capacity of* cheapening the processes of decomposition and recombination, to enable us to produce an artificial ammonia, and fertilize our fields from the great reservoirs of the atmosphere and the ocean. Let skeptics as to the relations of science and agriculture consider such an obvious probability as this, and perceive how the chemist, amid the fumes of his laboratory, seemingly as far removed from all work of practical bearing on agriculture as from its green fields and invigorating pursuits, may be elaborating results of inestimable value to the cultivator of the soil, and through him to the world."

We rejoice to see that this plan is now about to be matured. Such is our interest in the movement, and our desire that practical farmers should as far as possible avail themselves of this opportunity for increasing their knowledge, that we voluntarily reprint the prospectus of the course.

Arrangements have been made with eminent Agriculturists and Horticulturists in various parts of the country, for an extended course of instruction in Agriculture, Horticulture, and subjects connected therewith, to be given during the month of February, 1860, at New Haven, in the new building of the Scientific Department of Yale College.

Among the subjects which will be presented are the following: Agricultural Chemistry, Agricultural Botany and Vegetable Physiology, Drainage, Irrigation, Manures, Plows and Plowing, Grain Crops, Grasses, Root Crops, Principles of Breeding and the different Breeds of Stock, Diseases of Animals, Stock Farming, Wool Growing, Dairy Farming, Agricultural Machinery, Market Gardening, Forest Culture, Nursery Management, Landscape Gardening, Orchard Culture, Culture of Grapes and other small Fruits, Wine Making, Insects Injurious to Vegetation, Pisciculture, English and German Agriculture. These subjects will be presented in courses of from three to five lectures each, and exclusively by gentlemen possessing practical as well as theoretical acquaintance with the subjects on which they lecture. Twenty or more leading Agriculturists, Horticulturists, and Stock Breeders will take part in the course of instruction.

Several lectures will be given each day as in a Medical or Law School, so as to bring the whole course within the space of a single month. The evenings will be principally devoted to discussion.

These courses of lectures are especially designed for enterprising young Farmers throughout the country; but it may be confidently stated in view of the distinguished ability enlisted in the enterprise, that they will be found eminently worthy of the attention of experienced agriculturists and horticulturists.

Fee for all the courses, numbering from eighty to a hundred lectures, $10.

Arrangements can be made for board, at $3 50 to $4 00.

Among the lecturers whose services have been secured are Messrs. Marshall P. Wilder, Cassius M. Clay, J. H. Gould, H. T. French, Levi Bartlett, Dr. C. W. Grant, Donald G. Mitchell, and Professors Silliman, Johnson, and Porter. We trust that many young agriculturists will attend this course. We are sure that it will amply repay all the time and money it may cost. Applications should be addressed to Prof. John A. Porter, New Haven, Ct.

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Notices.

The Monthly Concert of Prayer for Seamen, under direction of the Port Society, will be held at the Cooper Institute instead of the Mariner's church, on Sabbath evening next, December 4th, at 7½ o'clock.

Addresses may be expected from Rev. Charles J. Jones, shipmasters, seamen, and others, and extracts from letters will be read. *All seats free.* 574

The Monthly Prayer-Meeting of the New York and Brooklyn Foreign Missionary Society will be held at the rooms of the A. B. C. F. M., Bible House, on Monday, the 5th of December, at half past three o'clock P.M.

A cordial invitation is extended to all, including ladies, to meet this circle for prayer and the latest missionary intelligence.

A. MERWIN, Rec. Sec.

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NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1859.

Account of Moneys received by Rev. A. G. Bedell to aid in liquidating the debt of $800 on the Protestant chapel at Smyrna:

Mrs. H. B. N.	$1 00
Anonymous,	2 00
L., (postmarked New Haven, Ct.)	5 00
Various other donations	175 00
Total	$183 00

574

JOHN BROWN.

There will be A UNION ANTI-SLAVERY PRAYER-MEETING at Shiloh church, corner of Prince and Marion streets, on FRIDAY, the Second Day of December, the day on which the Aged Martyr, JOHN BROWN, is to offer up his life for obeying God rather than man. Ministers of the Gospel, and Christians of every name—patriots, and citizens, and the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, are invited to attend. Several addresses will be made. A collection will be taken for the families of the martyrs.

SAMSON WHITE, H. H. GARNET,
A. N. FREEMAN, HENRY JOHNSON,
J. N. GLOUCESTER, AMOS G. BEMAN.

New York, Nov. 28, 1859. 574

Rev. Nathaniel West, D.D., of Philadelphia, will deliver a discourse before the Young Men's Christian Association of the First Reformed Presbyterian church, (Dr. McLeod's,) Twelfth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, Sabbath evening, Dec. 4th, at 7½ o'clock. The usual collection will be taken. 574

Married.

NEWMAN—OAKMAN—In this city, on Thursday, November 24th, (Thanksgiving Day,) by Rev. Lot Jones, D.D., Mr. John Newman to Miss Margaret A. Oakman, daughter of the late Robert Oakman, M.D.

SMITH—WAY—In Meriden, Ct., November 20th, by Rev. O. H. White, Mr. Robert H. Smith of Wallingford to Miss Carrie L. Way of Meriden.

TAIT—TIBBALS—In Meriden, Ct., November 24th, by Rev. O. H. White, Doctor John Tait to Mrs. K. E. Tibbals, all of Meriden.

SHATTUCK—BRADSHAW—On the 2d inst., in Newark, N. J., at the High-street Presbyterian church, by Rev. Dr. D. W. Poor, Rev. C. S. Shattuck, pastor of the Congregational church in Union Village, N. Y., and Antoinette, daughter of Wm. Bradshaw, Esq., of Newark.

BICKNELL—TELLY—On Saturday, the 19th inst., at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, by Rev. H. W. Beecher, Mr. Daniel Bicknell to Elizabeth Ann, second daughter of the late Mr. Thos. Telly of Ringwood, Hampshire, England.

DWIGHT—SCHNEIDER—At Englewood, N. J., on Thursday, Nov. 17th, by Rev. James H. Dwight, Rev. William B. Dwight to Miss Eliza H. Schneider, all late of Constantinople, Turkey.

Died.

STORRS—On the 19th inst., at Mansfield, Ct., Eunice Freeman, wife of Royal Storrs, Esq., aged 65. "The memory of the just is blessed."

God perpetuates the memories of all who love him, without eulogies from men. But it may not be improper to speak truthfully and modestly of departed friends.

The deceased was no ordinary woman. She possessed rare endowments and gifts, by nature, of body and mind; active and vigorous in both; of personal loveliness and beauty; unassuming and modest; of uniform cheerfulness, kindness, and evenness of temper. She did not have all the academical advantages and acquirements of many, but had a large perceptive, comprehensive, and well balanced mind. She was one of the most faithful, judicious, and affectionate wives for forty-five years, to which her afflicted husband could bear testimony; was one of the most loving, sympathetic, self-sacrificing, and watchful mothers; was ever ready and willing, by action and sympathy, for every good word and work. She loved God's Word and people, and delighted in prayer, and fully believed "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." She counted among her greatest blessings the thought that all her children and nearly all her grandchildren professed an interest and faith in Jesus, our Lord and Savior. She bore the severest suffering for thirteen weeks with the greatest patience, courage, and composure, without a complaint. See had long professed Christ before men, and hoped and trusted in him, though she felt her defilement from sin, and imperfections, and unworthiness, and constant need of the pardoning grace and mercy of the Redeemer, and the sanctifying and renewing influences of the Holy Spirit. She longed at last to be with Christ, but willingly waited his time. She was permitted to enjoy refreshing foretastes of heaven, and believed the Word, that "because I live, ye shall live also," and "that they also whom thou hast given me be with me, where I am, that they may behold my glory." A day or two before her death, when her strength had almost gone, she whisperingly said, as her smiling countenance then, as in death, indicated, "The clouds have all passed away." She died peacefully and gloriously, and has, no doubt, gone to that reward and rest that remaineth for all the people of God, and where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain," and is one of the "great multitude, which no man could number, who stand before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

For her life, we believe the world is the better for her having lived in it, and may thanks be given therefor to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

STEARNS—At Zumbrota, Minnesota, on the 12th of November, Lucy W., wife of Isaac C. Stearns, aged 34 years.

She united with the church in her native town, New Ipswich, N. H., at the age of twelve, and ever lived the life of a sincere and devoted Christian. Her death was sudden and unexpected; affording no opportunity for parting words of consolation. But her humble and consistent life, and the serene and heavenly expression of her countenance in death, have left no doubt in the minds of her friends that she has gone to dwell with her Savior, whom she loved.

MOORE—In Brooklyn, November 2d, of consumption, Roxanna C. Moore, widow of the late Leander Moore, aged 35 years 2 months and 20 days.

'Twas well with her in health's glad hour,
Well when the wasting arrow came.
Oh! she could trust his wing of power,
For she had loved a Savior's name.

'Tis well with her—the lovely one,
Though like a broken flower she lies;
Her mortal puts immortal on—
Her graces flourish in the skies.

IRVING—At Sunnyside, on Monday, Nov. 28th, Washington Irving, in the 77th year of his age. The relatives and friends of the family are invited to attend his funeral at Christ church, Tarrytown, on Thursday, Dec. 1st, at 1 P.M. A train will leave Chambers street at 11, and trains return to the city at about 4 and 5 P.M. The express train from Albany will also stop at Tarrytown about 3 P.M. on that day.

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Assets over 2,000,000

INCORPORATED 1819. CHARTER PERPETUAL.

E. G. RIPLEY, President.
THO. A. ALEXANDER, Vice-Pres't.

THOS. K. BRACE, Jr., Secretary.

Office of New York Agency,

No. 62 Wall Street.

Policies issued against loss and damage by FIRE upon Dwellings, Furniture, Stores, Merchandise, and Manufactories. Also upon Leases and Rents. Losses liberally adjusted and promptly paid by JAS. A. ALEXANDER, Agent.

Brooklyn Agency, Montague street, near Court street.
573tf A. B. DAVENPORT, Agent.

Singer's Sewing-Machines.

Prices Reduced to $50, $75, $90, $100.

The plain reason why Singer's Sewing-Machines have always sold readily at a higher average price than any other, is that they are better, more durable, more reliable, capable of doing a much greater variety of work, and earning more money. Long-continued popularity is proof of sterling merit. In the purchase of what are called cheap Sewing-Machines, thousands have been deceived and disappointed, but with Singer's Machines there is never any failure or mistake.

SINGER'S NEW FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE,

the price of which is only $50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family. It has secured a great reputation during the few months since it was offered to the public.

SINGER'S TRANSVERSE SHUTTLE-MACHINE,

to be sold at $75, is a Machine entirely new in its arrangement; it is very beautiful, moves rapidly and very easily, and, for family use and light manufacturing purposes, is the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public. These Machines are being increased in number as rapidly as possible, and yet the demand for them cannot be fully supplied.

SINGER'S NO. 1 SHUTTLE-MACHINE,

formerly sold at $135, but now reduced to $90, is too well known all over the world to need any description. Every sort of work, coarse or fine, can be done with it.

SINGER'S NO. 2 SHUTTLE-MACHINE.

This is the favorite manufacturing Machine everywhere. The size of the Machine gives ample space for almost every description of work, which, together with its admirable working qualities, gives it a decided advantage. Price, with table complete, $100.

All of Singer's Machines make the interlocked stitch with two threads, which is the best stitch known. Every person desiring to procure full and reliable information about Sewing-Machines, their sizes, prices, working capacities, and the best methods of purchasing, can obtain it by sending for a copy of *I. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette*, which is a beautiful pictorial paper, entirely devoted to the subject. *It will be supplied gratis.*

I. M. SINGER & CO.,
569tf No. 458 Broadway, New York.

Something Entirely New!

Ive's PATENT SLEEVE-BUTTONS and SHIRT-STUDS; also, CUFF and COLLAR PINS for Ladies and Armlets for Children. They require no button-hole, do not unfasten, combine great beauty and utility. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Gold and Silver Watch-Case Manufactory of JOHN H. GIFFIN,
573-578 No. 57 Vesey street, New York.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING-MACHINES.

THE GREAT ECONOMIZER OF TIME, AND PRESERVER OF HEALTH.

HAVE WON THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS AT THE FAIR OF THE UNITED STATES AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT THE STATE FAIRS OF MAINE, VERMONT, CONNECTICUT, NEW YORK, NEW JERSEY, PENNSYLVANIA, VIRGINIA, MISSISSIPPI, MISSOURI, OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS, KENTUCKY, MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN, CALIFORNIA, AND AT THE FAIRS OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION, BOSTON, FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, PHILADELPHIA, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BALTIMORE, METROPOLITAN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION, CINCINNATI, KENTUCKY INSTITUTE, LOUISVILLE, MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, ST. LOUIS, MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, SAN FRANCISCO, AND AT HUNDREDS OF COUNTY FAIRS.

The Lock Stitch made by this Machine is the only stitch that cannot be raveled, and that presents the same appearance upon each side of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the center of it.

OFFICE, NO. 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.
574-577 SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Sewing-Machine Needles.

The subscriber has now in stock a full assortment of NEEDLES SUITABLE FOR **WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING-MACHINES.**

These Needles are made by hand, from the best tempered English Cast-Steel, and will be found, on trial, SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

J. FRED. MILWARD,
563-575 No. 31 Warren street, New York.

GROVER & BAKER'S NOISELESS Family Sewing-Machines,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

NEW YORK, Oct. 21, 1859.

The undersigned, Ministers and Laymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church, having purchased and used in our families "GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED FAMILY SEWING-MACHINE," take pleasure in recommending it as an instrument fully combining the essentials of a good machine. Its beautiful simplicity, ease of management, and the strength and elasticity of its stitch, unite to render it, in our opinion, a Machine unsurpassed by any in the market, and one which, we feel confident, will give satisfaction to all who may purchase and use it.

W. P. STRICKLAND, C. LAREW
N. ANSANT, J. C. CHATTERTON,
R. B. YARD, W. VOORHIS,
S. ANNESS, M. ALLISON.

No. 495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer street, Boston; 730 Chestnut street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore street, Baltimore; 58 West Fourth street, Cincinnati.

ALL MACHINES WARRANTED.

573tf ☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. ☜

BARTHOLF'S Celebrated Sewing-Machines.

THE BEST IN USE.

These Machines make the Shuttle or Lock Stitch, which is undeniably the best.

They use but little thread, work almost noiselessly, are simple, and easily operated.

PRICES GREATLY REDUCED.

Family Machines Reduced from $80 to $50.

BARTHOLF MANUFACTURING CO.,
557-577 No. 434 Broadway, cor. Howard st., N. Y.

FINKLE & LYON'S

Sewing-Machines.

PRICE REDUCED TO $50.

OFFICE NO. 503 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK.

"FAMILY MACHINE," for every variety of family sewing.
"MANUFACTURER'S MACHINE," for heavy Tailoring, Quilting, and Manufacturing purposes.
"LARGE MACHINE," for the Manufacture of Boots and Shoes, Saddlery, etc.

All Machines warranted to give better satisfaction than any other Sewing-Machine in market, or money refunded.

N. B.—AGENTS WANTED.

MILTON FINKLE, } FINKLE & LYON.
LUCIUS LYON. } 559tf

Ladd, Webster & Co.'s

TIGHT-STITCH

Sewing-Machines.

NO. 500 BROADWAY.

Sewing-Machines for FAMILIES.
Sewing-Machines for PLANTERS.
Sewing-Machines for MANUFACTURERS.

5594f-Lf

Partner Wanted.

The advertiser, having retired, about a year since, from mercantile business, in which he had been actively engaged for more than fifteen years, proposes to form a new copartnership on the 1st of January next, and would be glad to confer with any party having experience or capital, who may wish to join him in either of the principal branches of trade.

In order to assure those who may be disposed to treat upon the subject of the good intentions and respectability of the advertiser, he has liberty to refer to J. E. Williams, Esq., President of the Metropolitan Bank, N. Y.

All communications will be regarded as strictly confidential.

Please address MERCHANT, office of *The Independent*, N. Y., giving real name, and stating preference as to the kind of business, etc. 572tf

Business Notices.

BROOK'S

IVORY POLISHED PATENT GLACE

SPOOL COTTON,

200 OR 500 YARDS, WHITE, BLACK, AND ALL COLORS,

Combining the Luster of Silk with the Strength of Linen.

ALSO,

BROOK'S BEST PATENT SIX-CORD WHITE SPOOL COTTON.

THIS SUPERIOR SEWING THREAD, now conceded to be UNEQUALED, for either HAND or MACHINE USE, is sold by respectable dealers throughout the country. Also, all the Nos. from 8 to 150, either solid or assorted in cases of 100 dozen each, constantly for sale by the Manufacturers' Agent,

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH,
546-597 Nos. 32 and 34 Vesey street, New York.

MACGREGOR'S PATENT WARMING AND VENTILATING FURNACES,

FOR

Heating Public and Private Buildings, Halls, Stores, etc.

These Furnaces have been in use several years, and with the recent improvements, for economy, purity of air, and ease of management, have no equal.

They require but little attention, the same fire can be kept up the entire season, without going out. The coal and gases are all consumed, with good coal no clinker is made, consequently sifting coal is dispensed with.

There are ten sizes of Portable or to be set in masonry, of power to warm from 10,000 to 200,000 cubic feet of space.

CARPENTER'S

ELEVATED OVEN AND ST. NICHOLAS RANGES,

For sale at wholesale and retail,
570-573 WM. H. CORY, No. 117 Beekman st., N. Y.

LADIES' FANCY FURS

AT RETAIL.

Boughton & Randall,

No. 53 BROADWAY,

571-579 UP STAIRS.

Good Boots and Shoes.

WATKINS, No. 114 FULTON STREET, offers at fair prices a superior assortment of his own manufacture for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys, Misses, and Children. Special attention paid to ordered work. Drawings taken of the feet, and lasts kept for each customer.

Persons visiting the city would do well to purchase at this old and well-known establishment. 521tf

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS, —FURS—

At their warehouse,
NO. 46 MAIDEN LANE,
Have opened
THEIR ENTIRE STOCK FOR THE SEASON
OF
MANUFACTURED
FURS,

Comprising all the leading and desirable styles, together with additional novelties in

Ladies' Furs, Gentlemen's Furs, Children's Furs, Fur Robes.

We solicit the inspection of the retail trade to the above, and offer our goods at the most advantageous prices.

C. G. Gunther & Sons,
572tf-X No. 46 Maiden lane, N. Y.

ENVELOPES AND Writing Papers

AT WHOLESALE.

To Booksellers, Stationers, Druggists, Dealers in Fancy Goods, Merchants, and all others who purchase Envelopes and Writing Papers:

SAMUEL RAYNOR,
No. 118 William st., New York,

having now got his Envelope Manufactory in full operation, can supply dealers with any quantity, from one thousand up to one million. His machinery for manufacturing Envelopes is the latest and best, making and gumming them in the most perfect manner.

The assortment embraces Letter, Note, Official, Wedding, Portfolio, Pay, and Drug Envelopes; also Cloth-lined, Opaque, and Embossed, of every size, style, color, and quality, all sold at the lowest possible prices, on the usual credit, or a discount off for Cash.

WRITING PAPERS, consisting of Foolscap, Letter, Bath, Note, and Billet, at wholesale prices. Samples with Trade-List of prices furnished, and sent by mail free of postage.

573-575 SAMUEL RAYNOR.

Furniture! Furniture!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

H. P. DEGRAFF,

No. 87 BOWERY,

EXTENDING THROUGH TO No. 65 CHRYSTIE STREET, NEW YORK,

WHERE WILL BE FOUND

THE LARGEST AND MOST EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT IN THE CITY.

ALL FURNITURE GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED.

☞ Bills of $25 Retailed at Wholesale Prices at the Bowery Store.

One hundred and fifty hands constantly employed in manufacturing. All Stock laid in for NET CASH. It comprises, in part—

ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, AND WALNUT PARLOR FURNITURE,

IN BROCADE, BROCATELLE, DELAINE, PLUSH, AND HAIR CLOTH,

ROSEWOOD, MAHOGANY, AND ENAMELED CHAMBER FURNITURE, IN SETS,

From Twenty to One Hundred and Fifty Dollars.

ALSO,

CANE SEAT AND COMMON FURNITURE,

In Great Variety.

A large assortment of GILT AND MAHOGANY MIRRORS, SPRING AND CURLED HAIR MATTRESSES, PATENT PREMIUM SOFA BEDSTEADS, With Spring and Hair Mattresses attached, etc., etc.

☞ STEAMBOATS AND HOTELS FURNISHED. ☜

Dealers will find it to their interest to GIVE US A CALL. 560-575X

Comfort in Cold Weather.

Send to the undersigned for BOOK OF LETTERS for overwhelming proof that

SANFORD'S CHALLENGE HEATER,

PORTABLE OR SET IN BRICK,

Is the best and most powerful Heater known, occupying but little space, of great durability, burns the gases and smoke with no clinkers, and saving 30 per cent. on the fuel. It is adapted to hard or soft coal.

THE PORTABLE HEATER

Can be used in Parlor, Hall, or Cellar, with single or double case, to give heat where standing or not, and will warm all the rooms in a house, as may be desired, by simply connecting hot-air pipes from it to Registers in the rooms to be warmed, or may be used alone as a Ventilating Stove.

THE BRICK HEATER

Is unsurpassed in its operation, and has the advantage of standing low, so as to adapt it to low cellars.

We are also the SOLE manufacturers of

SANFORD'S CELEBRATED MAMMOTH OR GLOBE HEATER,

The only one that has stood the test as a powerful and fuel-saving stove for Railroad Depots, Shops, Factories, Stores, etc. See references in our HEATER BOOK.

The unrivaled economical air-tight Cooking-Stoves, CONFIDENCE AND SENTINEL,

are made only by us, as well as other stoves of every description for all parts of the world.

SANFORD, TRUSLOW & CO.,
Proprietors of National Stove Works,
563-575 No. 239 Water street, New York.

THREE PREMIUMS

AWARDED TO

J. R. Harrington,

AT THE

LATE FAIR OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE.

FIRST PREMIUM MAMMOTH COTTON BATTING.
FIRST PREMIUM MILLINETTE WADDING.
FIRST PREMIUM PATENT CARPET LINING.

ADDED TO

THIRTEEN PREMIUMS

FROM THE

DIFFERENT STATE FAIRS OF THE UNION.

With the above evidence from the MOST COMPETENT JUDGES IN THIS COUNTRY, Mr. HARRINGTON flatters himself that he can safely

DEFY COMPETITION

in the Manufacture and Sale of either and all of the above articles.

HIS TRADE MARK

PREMIUM MAMMOTH BATTING

is too well known among the trade to need indorsement—while HARRINGTON'S PATENT CARPET LINING AND MILLINETTE WADDING

are rapidly superseding all other articles of the kind in the market.

SPECIAL NOTICE

TO COTTON DEALERS AND BROKERS.

Being anxious to extend my operations in buying and selling Cotton, I give my personal attention to BUYING COTTONS OF ALL GRADES AND QUANTITIES, for which the highest market price will be paid.

In order to consult the convenience of my customers, it is necessary to divide my time at my different places of business, as follows:

At the Mills, 448 Water st., from 7 A.M. to 9½ A.M.
At the Warehouse, 440 Pearl st., from 10 A.M. to 11½ A.M.
At the Sales-rooms, 62 Warren st., from 12 A.M. to 2 P.M.

J. R. HARRINGTON,
572tf AGENT FOR THE NEW YORK CARPET LINING CO.

Gas! Gas! Gas!

A splendid assortment of GAS FIXTURES and FRENCH BRONZES for sale at very low prices at

Stephen Philbin's Warerooms,

NO. 707 BROADWAY,

Between Washington place and Fourth st.

Stores, Private Dwellings, and Public Buildings of any kind, fitted up with gas pipes in the most approved manner, and on reasonable terms.

PHILBIN & QUIN'S Plumbing Establishment, 321 Fourth street, connects with the above warerooms, where all orders in their department are executed with dispatch, and in the most approved manner.

The Trade supplied on liberal terms. 566tf

Empire Heater Works,

NO. 514 BROADWAY,

(OPPOSITE THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL,)

M. P. LOW, Proprietor.

THE EMPIRE HEATER, (OR FURNACE,) for warming and ventilating, with pure external air, Dwellings, Churches, Hospitals, or any public or private building, has been in use several years, and of the many hundreds in operation, not one has failed to give perfect satisfaction. The peculiar construction of it combines all the requisites for

ECONOMY WITH POWER,
SIMPLICITY WITH DURABILITY,
SELF-CLEANING WITH NO VALVES,
COMPACTNESS WITH IMMENSE RADIATING SURFACE,
FEW JOINTS, AND GAS-TIGHT.

THE EMPIRE RANGE (for coal or wood) is unequaled for its roasting and broiling, as well as baking qualities. It can be used in an out-house or shed, as the flues are all complete in itself, and requires no masonry. Many of them have been in use a year without the slightest repairing. 563-575

Ladies' Furs!

M. K. MOODEY & CO.,

No. 139 BROADWAY,

BETWEEN LIBERTY AND CEDAR STREETS.

ALSO, FANCY ROBES, GLOVES, CAPS, ETC.

A FULL ASSORTMENT. 570-577

PEALE'S

COURT OF DEATH.

A series of large plates, 17 by 27 inches in size, (paper 23 by 31,) of this world-renowned Painting, by REMBRANDT PEALE, is now engraved, from which will be issued

100,000

SPLENDID COLORED ENGRAVINGS,

EACH PRESENTING A PERFECT

FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

The Engravings will be furnished to subscribers at the low price of

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

The regular price for such engravings in this city is $5, and it is only because so many copies are printed that they can be afforded for the above unprecedentedly low price of ONE DOLLAR.

This great painting was executed by REMBRANDT PEALE, at the city of Baltimore, in 1820, and has been exhibited since then, at various times, in the principal cities of the United States.

Death is not painted as a skeleton, but as a king or monarch, placed in shadowy obscurity. There is, therefore, nothing repulsive in the representation.

There are *twenty-three full-size figures*, and arranged into five groups presenting living representations of DEATH, WAR, SENSUAL PLEASURE, INTEMPERANCE, and the TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIAN FAITH OVER THE TERRORS OF DEATH.

It is a work to DELIGHT THE EYE and IMPROVE THE HEART. Every repeated examination will only increase the admiration excited by the first view.

Hundreds of Clergymen have reiterated the statement of President Hale, that "*it is a sermon on canvas.*"

The original painting has been made the theme of discourse by Rev. Dr. Wayland, Rev. Dr. Bacon, Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Rev. Dr. Sprague, Rev. Dr. Welch, and others.

The subscriber refers with confidence to the following gentlemen: The venerable Rembrandt Peale, author of the Painting, Philadelphia; Hon. Millard Fillmore, Buffalo; Rev. Asa D. Smith, D.D.; Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D.D.; Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime, Editor N. Y. *Observer*; Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, (Spingler Institute;) Hon. Erastus Brooks; Hon. Henry J. Raymond,—New York.

The subscriber was advised to make the coloring of the drapery in the Engraving bright and showy, "to please the people in the country," but he decided to *copy the original painting strictly* in this respect. The wisdom of this decision is verified not only by the artists of this city, but by the unqualified certificate of Mr. Peale.

The following testimonial speaks for itself:

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16, 1859.

"I have seen the Chromo-Lithographic Engraving of my Painting of the Court of Death, recently executed for Dr. G. Q. Colton (the present proprietor) by Sarony, Major & Knapp of New York, and can certify that it is an accurate and admirable Copy of the Original Painting. "REMBRANDT PEALE."

The Engraving will form an impressive, instructive, and beautiful parlor ornament.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS supplied at a liberal discount.

Upon the receipt of One Dollar and four letter stamps, (the latter to pay postage,) the Engraving will be forwarded, post-paid, rolled in a strong case.

Any one sending five subscriptions, shall receive a sixth copy gratis.

AGENTS—Gentlemen or Ladies—can make money rapidly by taking subscriptions for this beautiful work. Almost every family will desire a copy. Those desiring agencies will inclose one dollar and six letter stamps, and they will receive one engraving, and letter of agency, stating the special terms to agents.

CLERGYMEN, by interesting themselves in the distribution of these Engravings, can add at least $50 to their yearly income, (by commissions,) and at the same time place in the hands of every subscriber a sermon on canvas."

If more than $10 is sent at a time, get a draft, or have the letter registered.

Until the duplicate plates are finished, only 100 engravings per day can be printed, but subscriptions will be filled in the order of receipt.

To avoid mistakes, write the *Name, Town, County,* and *State* plainly.

Address G. Q. COLTON,
P.-O. Box 3,991. No. 37 Park Row, New York.
574

A. D. PORTER & CO.,

DRAPERS AND TAILORS,

NO. 327 BROADWAY,

A. D. PORTER, }
C. B. PORTER, } NEW YORK.

Gentlemen wishing an outfit will find with us a stock of goods which, for richness and variety, cannot be excelled. 564-576

THE BALMORAL!

Fashion has pronounced in its favor. Judgment has declared it good. Comfort approves it, and the ladies, bless them, acknowledge their indebtedness to Cantrell for its introduction. The Balmoral Boot will be worn this winter by all sensible, prudent, and economical females, and they will purchase them at Cantrell's, No. 813 Broadway. 572-574

Chapped Hands, Face, Lips, etc.

CERTAIN CURE.

HEGEMAN & CO.'S Camphor Ice with Glycerine; cheap, safe, and agreeable, only 25 cents.

HEGEMAN & CO., Nos. 161, 399, 511, and 756 Broadway.

Sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents. 569-576

USEFUL IN EVERY FAMILY.

Paint, grease spots, etc., removed instantly. Gloves, silks, ribbons, etc., cleaned equal to new, without injury to the most delicate color or fabric, by HEGEMAN & CO.'S

Family Reading.

JOHN BROWN OF HARPER'S FERRY.

[We have received at least a dozen original poems suggested by John Brown's Exploit and Trial. We have room to print only the following :]

Hero that pays our country's pawn!
The soul that felt, and dared to smite!
The man who dies to say that Right
Is better stuff than blood and brawn!

Our words that spun full three years' course
On Freedom falling sun by sun,
In him to molten lightnings run,
And welded thinking into force.

In rough-cast brain this Northern will,
From suffering all its steel had wrought,
Till, striking surer than its thought,
The shock rang sharp from hill to hill.

Ah sire! our tears are such as roll
On days of Triumph, not of Death;
We bring thee them, and love, and faith,—
Our royal way of soul *for* soul.

We count thy dying so sublime,
Our woman-hands we would not lay
About that brave old heart to stay
Its flowing life, and wrong our time.

Oh doubt not who of these shall win!
Or who is traitor to th' eleven!
This man in front of open heaven,
Or wrathful ones that swing him in.

Doubt not our world takes heart again;
And hands of brotherhood grow warm,
Startling each other, palm to palm,
With this hot stroke on Southern chain.

Earth feels the time of prophet-song—
When lives from land to land shall say—
And think it praise enough to say—
"We are too just to bide with Wrong."

Oh comes a deeper wisdom then,—
And owns that in our golden year,
One fire-anointed soul was clear
To glass God's image forth to men.

Worcester, Nov. 14th. C. P. H.

THE MEMORIES OF THE DEAD.

I OFTEN find myself looking over our plain country church until the very pews seem haunted with the familiar faces of those who once sat there, but these "places shall know them no more." Nor is it entirely a profitless business thus to recall things and persons past, although some of them cause me pain. For instance, the seat by that certain post is associated with the countenance of a merry and pretty young woman who sat there the last time she appeared in public. I remember it as if it were only yesterday, how lightly she tripped up the aisle, and, as she seated herself, cast a merry glance at some companion in the gallery. Only the week before, she had been at a public ball, the gayest, merriest, and prettiest of the company. The next I heard of her, she was raving delirious with brain fever, and in her anguish she screamed so that I heard her long before reaching the house. In the most bitter terms she reproached herself for her gay life as the cause of her present troubles. "It was dancing that brought me to this," she would shriek out in the most piercing tones. "But then," you say, "she was delirious!" I know it, but sometimes the human soul, even in delirium, tells truths worth remembering. She never had a lucid interval, but died in that condition. How could I forget that face, associated with that place in our church?

And in the pew next in front of this is another place. It is the seat next the wall where I saw lovely Mary—the last time in church. It was at an evening meeting. She was in too literal a sense the idol of her father's house, and rarely have I ever seen such anguish as that which almost crazed her unconverted father as she was dying. Death did its work surely and sternly. From the first our sweet friend was without reason, and she died giving no sign. But we looked back at the past history of her conversion, and were comforted. But what a scene it was in the aisle immediately in front of the pulpit when we were burying her! There she lay very peacefully in her coffin with beautiful flowers on her breast, and the poor grieving father suddenly arose, and pressing up to the coffin, kneeled down by it in such agony as moved the whole congregation with lively sympathy. And so I hold her face associated with our church.

Three pews nearer the pulpit sat an aged couple, pillars in the church, and as to example known and read of all men as Christ's living epistles. They had been in the church many years. *He* always occupied the seat next the aisle, and *she* the wall seat. Until they became very old, our church was rarely opened for worship without these good people crossing the sacred threshold. They were very intelligent, and yet so eager to hear the Word preached, that the minister always felt encouraged when he looked at them. By-and-by age did its work, and the old man went to sleep, aged eighty-one years, and his wife, aged eighty-five years. Those two faces I often seem to see in that pew, though my good friends have been several years dead.

And just next to them sat a simple-minded, devout old Christian who came to church just as long as her poor worn-out frame would carry her thither. Bowed almost double, yet she would get into her favorite seat there next to the wall, and listen to the songs, prayers, and instructions of the hour like a little child. How can I forget *her* as she appeared in our church until Christ bade her come up higher?

In the front seat next the pulpit, sat formerly a man noted for his integrity and promptness. He was not a church-member, although he professed to hope himself a Christian. When urged to do his duty in respect to a public profession, he was wont to mention this, that, and the other "inconsistent professor," and protest his unwillingness to risk bringing reproach on the cause of Christ by joining the church and then acting as these other people. He never sat in any other place in the church, and although he professed to see his mistake on his death-bed, and I hope he was a Christian, I cannot help feeling sad as I seem to see the face of my complaining and fault-finding friend once more looking up at me from the old familiar seat.

Two pews back of the last one, sat a mother ninety years old and a daughter seventy; two very remarkable specimens of old-school manners and piety. They were beautiful in their old age, and were only a little separated. And next to the end seat formerly sat the good old lady's son, a simple-hearted, pious man, whose praises were in our hearts. And now that these three were taken thence, I cannot lose their association with that seat.

Farther toward the door are three pews which have their associations. In the first and last of the three was a sweet child's face often seen. They died the same month and of the same disease, and I would not lose their memory as connected with those places, though they are, no doubt, with Jesus in happier circumstances.

The middle pew has two vacant seats. At each end sat an aged Christian. The one was a very anxious kind of saint. She was not very certain she was a Christian, and yet she was a very devout woman, who made the mistake of warring on her own comfort, by not taking Christ at his word. But the other Christian (not related to the first) was the happiest man I have ever known. He had a very fine temperament, and a very robust sort of piety. He literally sung and rejoiced in his homeward journey. You felt a thrill of joyfulness as he took you by the hand and bade a "God speed you." I would not, if I could, erase from that seat so pleasant an association.

But just opposite the last one, sat a young man who wasted away with some disease that baffled the knowledge and skill of the physicians. I never saw any one leave this world so reluctantly. His agitation mastered his hope in Christ, and put the association of that pew in sharp contrast with the one I alluded to last. I would have my friends leave a smile behind them as they depart to the better land.

Nearer the door occasionally sat a man of great intelligence, and had he been a genial companion, would have been a very mischievous one. He was by profession an open infidel, who scoffed at Christianity, the Bible, and Christ. He had not been very successful in business, and his infidelity gave him no comfort that I could ever see. His face wore a scowl almost constantly, and his voice had the harshness which spoke of an unhappy spirit. He did what mischief he could, but one day, whilst superintending some work on a high building, he fell headlong and was instantly dead. Among the faces of the dead which memory conjures up in our church, is this scowling face of the infidel.

Just over there is the seat once occupied by a very remarkable man. He was a devout Christian, whose specialty was his acquaintance with the Bible and the zeal with which he taught it to others. He was a long time dying, and his trials were hard to bear, but he was as cheerful as a healthy child. As for dying, his idea was quite animating. "On terms of equality he should soon meet those glorious saints whose words were the comfort of his life. The Apostle Paul would not be ashamed to call him brother, nor would the Lord Jesus Christ be ashamed to own him in the presence of the angels!" And thus he died, or rather thus was he translated. It is pleasant to have such a face painted on one's memory in connection with our plain but much-loved sanctuary.

Indeed it has come to pass in the lapse of a few years that this place is full of thronging memories of the departed who once occupied these seats. Some of these memories are inexpressibly sweet, but others inexpressibly sad. T. F. J.

AN HOSPITAL OF INCAPABLES.

MANY years ago, a poor boy was born in England. Poor he was, for want, not of houses and lands, which he never dreamed of possessing, but of that more common and far more precious inheritance, a complete and healthy body. For when Joseph began to look around him and think what there was in all this great, rich world for a boy to conquer and enjoy, he found himself imprisoned in a crooked, dwarfed, unshapely frame. The wild, exuberant freedom of boyish sports was not for him; the gates of ambition, through which most boys see unlimited vistas of glory and renown opening before them, were shut and barred against him. Even the refuge of human sympathy was denied to the motherless boy; for the common pity of the crowd is only torture to a heart that longs for love.

Altogether a pitiable case, you will acknowledge. Well, what shall the boy do? Become a helpless, hopeless, complaining wretch, reviling and envying others who enjoy the blessings of which he is deprived? No, he has a true and manly soul in his poor distorted body. He disdains repining. He will gather up the few scattered fragments of happiness which remain to his lot; they are enough to clothe him in garments of thanksgiving. At least, he has the joy of *being alive*. God inspired that in every living creature, when he breathed his breath into its nostrils. Joseph will begin at that lowest point, and enjoy that blessing to the full; then, perhaps, some other will be found. Yes, indeed, there will; for he has two good arms, and with them the privilege of working. What lazy people call the "primal curse," is to him the richest of blessings.

"For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction."

To be sure, no very illustrious work is laid to his hands; but, since he cannot walk himself, he will cheerfully mend the shoes that other people walk in. Behold, then, our poor boy, at fourteen years of age, already established upon his shoemaker's bench, in a little room, fourteen feet by six. The sunniest end of the apartment is his chosen place for the morning; but when the sun has left him and crossed the meridian line, the light of cheerfulness and contentment still makes the narrow room brighter than many a gilded palace. Joseph is not long alone. A generous and cheerful heart draws to itself sympathy and companionship, just as surely as the electrified glass attracts the floating feathers. But who do you suppose was the first friend that came to share our young friend's loneliness? Why, no other than a lame dog! "Poor fellow!" said the boy, "you are like me, unable to run about, but you are worse off than I, for you cannot earn your own living. Never mind, whatever I have you shall share with me." So the dog became his inmate and constant companion.

Next came a poor, persecuted kitten, which some cruel boys had been pelting with stones until she was almost dead. By some true instinct she sought an asylum in the room of our little cobbler, which became her permanent home. Do not suppose there was any cat-and-dog quarreling, as a consequence of this addition. Oh, no; the two proteges were too mindful of their mutual obligations and of the proprieties of their position, to act as disturbers of the peace. But our little cobbler's compassions were not exhausted yet. The next claimant to his charities came in the shape of a lame robin, whose leg and wing had been broken by a stone, sent by some thoughtless boy to invade his domestic felicity. He fluttered down to Joseph's open window one bright summer's morning; and though the broken limb was tenderly dressed and splintered, Mr. Robin never became able to resume the cares of his family. He therefore consented to take up his residence in the apartment of his benefactor.

Years glided away, but never a month passed without bringing some new object for the kind offices of the crippled boy. A man he had now become; but still he sat on the same old bench, in the same little den of a room, into whose remotest end the sunbeams seldom found their way. But the same old songs cheered his hours of loneliness, and the same brave, manful heart made him strong to suffer and work and trust, and forget the hardships of the present time in the glory that should be revealed hereafter.

And now, one winter's day, a new claimant presented itself for his pity and relief. It was a little child, cold, sick, forsaken, and half starved, that looked wistfully in at the window of his room, though surely that was the least inviting place it could have seen that day. But there was room enough in the little den for a warm and kindly welcome; there was food for his hunger, and a bed for his weary limbs; so that the stranger was soon warmed and filled, and able to tell his little story. He was an orphan boy, who had been driven out this morning by unpitying relatives into the pitiless storm, from the only shelter he had in the world. Well, then! there was only one thing to be done. The little dwelling that was somewhat contracted for *one* lonely being was quite large enough for two; for, by the beautiful light of love and imagination,

"The narrow walls expand and spread away
Into a kingly palace,"

and from that hour the little wanderer was no longer homeless.

Now, if this were a fabulous legend, you know well enough how it would terminate. The homeless wanderer would prove to be the Christ-child, or at least an angel in disguise, and the poor man who received him would be immediately and visibly rewarded. But this is true and sober history; and we must wait a little longer for the denouement that shall come at last to many such stories, when it shall be said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

But we have not come to the end of Joseph's history. The advent of the little friendless child set him thinking. This was only one, and there were thousands more of suffering children in the great, cold, unloving world. The appetite for doing good, by one small indulgence, became insatiable. He must bless the world before he died. But how? Why, those long, patient, toilsome years at making and mending shoes had not been spent for nothing, even in a pecuniary point of view; and his simple, economical way of living had left what seemed to him quite a little surplus of money. The narrow dwelling that had served him for a home ten or fifteen years, grew quite contracted when a larger plan of beneficence had entered its owner's mind. A larger house was soon obtained—small enough then, it would appear to most of you; and the cobbler's bench was removed to one of its lower rooms, for there was even greater need than before of diligence in his humble calling. Now there was house-room as well as heart-room for new applications. Joseph had a singular fancy in selecting the objects of his beneficence. He passed by the healthy, beautiful, and well-proportioned children, for these, he said, would more easily find friends and protectors. It was the ugly, the deformed, the blind or deaf, or incurably diseased, that excited his sympathy and received his care. A sorry-looking company you would have called them, with their dwarfed and hump-backed little benefactor in the midst, but a very glad company they were nevertheless, for they were bound together by love, and the cheerful and thankful spirit of their leader passed like an electric current throughout the circle.

Before Joseph died, *twenty-eight* children had thus been received under his roof, and, by his charities alone, trained as far as possible to usefulness, at least to happiness and virtue. And now, should the good work be suffered to cease? What the poor little cripple had begun, could no strong man undertake and carry on to its completion? Yes, the plan was taken up with zeal and enthusiasm, and a great society was the result, which has now at its head a noble Earl,—noble not by virtue of his coronet and his descent from a long line of Norman ancestors, but for his true sympathy with the human race, and his enlightened and munificent activity in their elevation.

So the good seed planted by Joseph, the poor cripple, has grown into a noble tree, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. Dear children, are any of us capable of doing less than he? Shall any of us do more? FAYE.

BEARING THE CROSS.

THE heavier cross, the nearer heaven;
No cross without, no God within.
Death, judgment from the heart are driven
Amidst the world's false glare and din.
Oh happy he, with all his loss,
Whom God hath set beneath the cross!

The heavier cross, the stronger faith;
The loaded palm strikes deeper root;
The vine-juice sweetly issueth
When men have pressed the clustered fruit.
And courage grows where dangers come,
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

The heavier cross, the heartier prayer;
The bruised herbs most fragrant are.
If wind and sky were always fair,
The sailor would not watch the star;
And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung,
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross, the more aspiring;
From vales we climb to mountain crest;
The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,
Longs for the Caanan of his rest.
The dove has here no rest in sight,
And to the ark she wings her flight.

The heavier cross, the easier dying,
Death is a friendlier face to see;
To life's decay one bids defying,—
From life's distress one then is free.
The cross sublimely lifts her faith
To him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified! the cross I carry—
The longer may it dearer be;
And, lest I faint, whilst here I tarry,
Implant thou such a heart in me,
That faith, hope, love may flourish there,
Till for my cross the crown I wear!

A BOY'S ANGER.

[The following affecting narrative purports to have been given by a father to his son, as a warning derived from his own experience of resisting a mother's counsel:]

What agony was visible on my mother's face when she saw that all she said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed her at a distance. She spoke no more till she reached her own door.

"It's school time now," she said. "Go, my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I sha'n't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness, but replied firmly—

"Certainly you will go, Alfred. I command you."

"I will not!" said I, in a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred, either go to school this morning, or I will lock you up in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," said I; "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied; but quailed beneath her eye.

"Then follow me," said she, and she grasped my arm firmly. I raised my foot—oh, my son, hear me!—I raised my foot and kicked her! How my head reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.

"Oh! Heavenly Father," said she, "forgive him—he knows not what he does!"

The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale, and almost unable to support herself, he stopped. She beckoned him in.

"Take this boy up stairs, and lock him in his room," said she, and turned from me. Looking back as she was entering her room, she gave me a look of agony, mingled with the most intense love!—it was the last unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my own room. I thought for a moment I would fling myself from the open window, and dash my brains out, but I was afraid to do it. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued; but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I flung myself on the bed, and fell asleep. Just at twilight I heard a footstep approach the door. It was my sister.

"What may I tell my mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retiring, and again I threw myself on the bed, to pass another and fearful night.

Another footstep, still slower and feebler than my sister's, disturbed me. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come?" she asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating at that moment, made me speak adverse to my feelings. The gentle voice of my mother thrilled me through, melted then the ice of my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. But the words gave the lie to my heart when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, *but I did not*.

I was awakened from my uneasy slumber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood at my bedside.

"Get up and come with me. Mother is dying."

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got up mechanically and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to go to me, she was seized with a palpitation of the heart, and was borne senseless to her room.

I cannot tell you with what agony I looked upon her. My remorse was ten-fold more bitter from the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be her murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I could not weep. My heart was burned in my bosom; my brain was on fire. My sister threw her arms around me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had recovered consciousness, but not speech. She looked at me and moved her lips. I could not understand her words. "Mother, mother!" I shrieked, "say only that you forgive me!" She could not say it with her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled upon me, and lifting her thin, white hands, she clasped my own within them, and cast her eyes upward. She moved her lips in prayer, *and thus she died*. I remained still kneeling beside that dear form, till my sister removed me. The joys of youth had left for ever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed to own that they are wrong, who think it manly to resist her authority, or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves bitter memories for future years.

A WIFE'S REMORSE.

"SICK—sick again!" said the heedless wife, with petulance. "I'm so tired of seeing a pale face from morning till night, of hearing groans, and of mixing doses. It seems to me there is little need of this constant giving up. Why don't I give up?"

"Mary—Mary," cried a quivering voice.

"Coming, coming," replied the woman. "Oh, dear! how I have to run. He's so impatient, and I must always be there. Men never ought to be sick; they make so much trouble."

There was but little tenderness in the voice that answered the faint queries of the sick man, and yet Mrs. Nash was not a hard-hearted or an unfeeling woman. Her character leaned somewhat to the side of selfishness, and being in robust health, she had no knowledge of the heart-wearing that continued pull-backs cause to men of the strongest wills.

"Oh, dear!" sighed the man, half childish, "it seems as if my head never did ache as it does now."

"I've heard you say that a hundred times," said Mrs. Nash, not in the softest manner.

"But I'm sure it is worse. If you will only pull the curtain down—the least light strikes through my eyes, even when they are shut."

"Up again," thought the wife, rising somewhat impatiently, scattering her work with some noise as she did so; and, heedless of the groan that followed, she let the blind fall heavily.

"I'm a great deal of trouble," said the sick man, seeing the cloud on his wife's brow.

"Oh, no!"—her face cleared up—"you are notional, of course—all men are. Men don't know what sickness is, and they're so frightened at the least pain."

"But this is terrible!" cried the invalid, pressing his closed eyelids together.

Oh! how he longed to have some soothing hand upon his temples; but he would not ask his wife, because he saw that she had snatched up her sewing and was again absorbed in its completion.

Hours passed, and the pulse leaped madly, the eyes grew strained and crossed with veins, the temples fluttered with the throbbing flesh, and strange words came thickly on the stillness of the chamber.

Mrs. Nash had been down stairs preparing the supper. She had just laughingly said, in reply to a neighbor's question concerning her husband:

"Oh, going to die, as you men all are, if you happen to cut your finger."

Little she thought how true was the prophecy she so unthinkingly uttered! In another moment her eldest son came into the room.

"Isn't it funny?" he cried, "pa don't know me. He called me Mr. Morris, and asked me if I had that will all made out."

"What do you mean, child?" his mother paused in the midst of her work.

"He don't know me, because I kept calling pa, and he would look at me so strangely and keep asking me if I had that will all made out."

Her cheek paling a little, Mrs. Nash hurried up to the chamber. Her husband was talking wildly to himself, and his appearance had changed frightfully. Now, seriously alarmed, she sent for the physician, who was all wonder that he had been called at so late an hour.

"The man must have shown symptoms of more than ordinary distress this morning," he said; "did he make complaints of nothing but an ordinary headache?"

The wife was forced to confess that the symptoms had been unusually severe, but he was so liable to these attacks that she didn't think much of it. Her heart, however, condemned her. She was conscious that the moans and complaints of her sick husband had irritated her to an unusual degree, and that she had borne far from patiently with him. Now she was ready to make all amends. With tears and loving thoughts she hovered over that sick bed, accusing herself, as every wild cry for her rang out, and still there was no consciousness.

Tears, and wild prayers to heaven, sweet and fervent words of love, availed nothing. The death hour came, and with it consciousness. Arrows could not have pierced that sad heart as did the last words of that dying man:

"Dearest, you have been a good wife to me."

The meek face looked calm amidst the casements of the grave, but it was scarcely whiter than the face that bent over! Oh! what would that wretched heart have given to recall those cold, careless words that were ringing in her own ears at every step. This was the thought that gave anguish unparalleled, as her trembling steps led her to his open grave—as she looked her last upon the dear, manly face that had ever had a smile for her!

"If I had been tender to him that day," she often sobbed out, as she accused herself, "I would give worlds!" But the sorrow, dreadful as it was, has not been without its salutary influence. Now the widowed woman is the welcome visitor by the bedside of the sick. Her gentle voice soothes as the voice of a mother—her hand's touch is like the pressure of velvet—her very sympathy is the sweetest cordial. And if she is ever tempted to think an impatient thought, or gave expression to a selfish wish, there comes up before her the vision of a pale face! that, but for her neglect, might be smiling on her now—and with the rebuke working patience in her heart, she goes about her Master's work.

WHAT GOOD PERIODICALS MAY DO.

SHOW us an intelligent family of boys and girls, and we will show you a family where newspapers and periodicals are plentiful. Nobody who has been without these silent private tutors can know their educating power for good or evil. Have you never thought of the innumerable topics of discussion which they suggest at the breakfast table, the important public measures with which, thus early, our children become familiarly acquainted—great philanthropic questions of the day, to which unconsciously their attention is awakened, and the general spirit of intelligence which is evoked by these quiet visitors? Anything that makes home pleasant, cheerful, and chatty, thins the haunts of vice and the thousand and one avenues of temptation, should certainly be regarded, when we consider its influence on the minds of the young, as a great moral and social blessing.—*Emerson.*

VALUE OF PORTRAITS.

THERE is something delightful in the intercourse which we have with another's likeness. It is himself only once removed; he is visible, not tangible; we have his moiety. In a picture of history, there is often indeed more to admire than in the face of one individual, man or woman. There is more room for the skill of the artist: it is better adapted to exemplify a moral. But the sentiment that chains us to the other is wanting; we are not familiar with it; one is a brave matter—a splendid thing; the other is a person, and becomes our friend. It is thus that affection and kind feeling are perpetuated. It is thus that the form and features of the child are made known to its pining parents afar off. It is thus that the faces which we loved to look upon are redeemed from the grave, and sent to us across deserts and woodland mountains, or over a thousand leagues of water. This is the greatest boast of art, as well as its most delightful victory. It annihilates space, if not time, and makes the absent happy.—*Barry Cornwall.*

PROMISES.—Satan promises the best, but pays with the worst; he promises honor, and pays with disgrace; he promises pleasure, and pays with pain; he promises profit, and pays with loss; he promises life, but pays with death. But God pays as he promises; and all his payments are made in pure gold.—*Brooks.*

HUMBOLDT said ten years ago, "Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to educate a man. Earth holds up to her master no fruit but the finished man."

PRAYER-MEETING ON A MOUNTAIN.

[The following is a translation of a communication in a Welsh paper, called *Borrer Cymora*, of the 21st of August, describing a prayer-meeting held near the mine-works of Trongoch, Wales:]

It was held in the open air, on a high mountain. The masters of the mine-works gave orders that on account of the meeting no work should be done on that day, and they themselves attended. It was the most wonderful prayer-meeting I ever witnessed. There was some of every denomination present, and two languages were used. The number of those assembled was more than 3,000. At the meeting at 10 o'clock, nine prayed, and short addresses were given at intervals. Three prayed in succession, two Welshmen and an Englishman between them, and then a verse of a hymn was sung. The vast assembly all knelt at prayer; and I saw two or three on their knees, who, I feel assured, had never been seen before on their knees in prayer; but they knelt down on that day. Heaven poured down its blessings in a powerful and irresistible manner, so that scores were praying, and hundreds were weeping and crying out, "Praised be God." The chief subjects in the prayers were a thanksgiving for that great unparalleled visitation granted us by God, manifested in the conversion of so many thousands in our country, together with a prayer that he would go on to save the world, a supplication for natural rain for the earth, and for the restoration of peace in Italy. At 2 o'clock thirteen prayed, and short addresses were delivered between the prayers; the whole was finished in two hours, and all returned home. At 7, all went to their separate chapels in the neighborhood, and the holy fire was carried home in their bosoms by many. What a scene! three thousand people on a high mountain in prayer to God! I wish there was an artist present, capable of giving a correct representation of the scene. The subjects of their prayers, what could be more suitable and more interesting?

LOSS AND GAIN.

Thou hast done well to kneel and say,
Since he who gave can take away
And bid me suffer—I obey.

And also well to tell thy heart
That good lies in the bitterest part,
And thou wilt profit by her smart.

But bitter hours come to all;
When even truths like these will pall,
Sick hearts for humbler comfort call.

Then I would have thee strive to see
That good and evil come to thee
As one of a great family.

And as material life is planned,
That even the loneliest one must stand,
Dependent on his brother's hand;

So links more subtle and more fine
Bind every other soul to thine,
In one great brotherhood divine.

Nor with thy share of work be vext;
Though incomplete, and even perplext,
It fits exactly to the next.

What seems so dark to thy dim sight
May be a shadow, seen aright,
Making some brightness doubly bright.

The flash that struck thy tree—no more
To shelter thee—lets heaven's blue floor,
Shine where it never shone before.

Thy life, that has been dropped aside
Into Time's stream, may stir the tide
In rippled circles spreading wide.

The cry wrung from thy spirit's pain
May echo on some far-off plain,
And guide a wanderer home again.

Fail—yet rejoice. Because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart might throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great instrument;

That even the discord in thy soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.

It may be, that when all is light,
Deep-set within that deep delight
Will be to know *why* all was right;

To hear life's perfect music rise,
And, while it floods the happy skies,
Thy feeble voice to recognize.

Then strive more gladly to fulfill
Thy little part. This darkness still
Is light to every loving will.

And trust—as if already plain
How just thy share of loss and pain
Is for another fuller gain.

I dare not limit time or place
Touched by thy life; nor dare I trace
Its far vibrations into space.

ONE only knows. Yet if the fret
Of thy weak heart, in weak regret,
Needs a more tender comfort yet,

Then thou mayst take thy loneliest fears,
The bitterest drops of all thy tears,
The dreariest hours of all thy years,

And, through thy anguish there outspread,
May ask that God's great love would shed
Blessings on one beloved head.

And thus thy soul shall learn to draw
Sweetness from out that loving law
That sees no failure and no flaw

Where all is good. And life is good,
Were the one lesson understood
Of its most sacred brotherhood.

—*Adelaide A. Proctor.*

HOW TO THINK.

[The late Mr. Bayle St. John, in his biography of Montaigne, thus describes the essayist's manner of seizing a thought:]

Montaigne made it, as it were, a business to think at his castle. He was ever on the look-out for ideas and images. A thought would suddenly strike him in the family part of his house, and he would often, not having his tablets at hand, hurry across the court and climb his tower, in order to set it down. Experience, however, had taught him that the thought might be lost on the way, whisked out of sight, by some sudden gust of sensation; so he used to take care before setting out to tell it to his wife, his daughter, or anybody else who might happen to be at hand. Imagine a gaping servant-girl of Perigord being intrusted with such valuable deposits! What an amusing revelation is there in all this of Montaigne in his literary character—Montaigne the maker of books. His Essays were never out of his mind! He seems ever to have been employed in meditating and carefully inscribing his thoughts in his brain, so that his manner of speaking to others was constrained, dry, and brief. He hastened back, as it were, to his own thoughts, for fear he should lose sight of them.

Of another of Montaigne's processes of thought the biographer says:

See how surely Montaigne proceeds when he undertakes to develop some moral idea! He knows who have said the best things on the subject. He turns to their pages, reads them over and over again, and perfectly certain that his mind is not enslaved by theirs, makes use of their knowledge as they had made use of the knowledge of their predecessors; gives, perhaps, a touch here, and adds a tint there, and sometimes, having done no more than this, appeals to the judgment of the judicious whether he has not worked well; and cares nothing for the minute critic who follows him with a cry of "Stop thief!"

BEARDS.—I have seen it stated somewhere that there is an intimate connection between the nerves and muscles of the face and eyes, and allowing the beard to grow strengthens the eye. It is said that surgeons in the French army have proved, by experiments in Africa, that soldiers wearing the beard are much less liable to diseases of the eye, and it is generally conceded that it is a protection from the diseases of the throat and lungs. It is asserted that in countries where it is the custom to wear the beard, the eye retains its luster and brilliancy much longer. It may be argued that females do not suffer more than males from diseases of the eye, etc., but it must be admitted that they are less exposed to the elements. What did the Creator give the lords of creation a beard for? Certainly not to support the barbers. There is just as much sense in shaving the head as the chin.

INSANITY.—Nothing is easier than for any man, even one of strong mind, to render himself insane by for ever dwelling upon one idea and disregarding all the other multifarious duties which God has required of him in this life.—*Agriculturist.*

Foreign Miscellany.

Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Gladstone on Trial.—"Permit me to remind you that if our foreign ministers take into their own hands the Queen's great prerogatives and war, and are to embark in costly hostilities, and the power of your representatives to diminish the taxes press so heavily upon you."—MR. CARDWELL, *to electors*, 1857.

Those who record curious coincidences will that both the Member for the City and the M for the University—both being Oxford men, both Right Honorables, and both being actual Ministe the Crown—are at this time on their trial. So, so, but they are both judges, both the juries, in own case. The cause, too, is clear and beyond pute. It is, indeed, a second trial; these very had before given judgment upon the case, and both have not only solemnly pronounced upon it have given unwonted evidence of the clearness sincerity of their convictions.

In Parliament, and before the world, these Hon. gentlemen pronounced against the cri policy and conduct toward China. That policy since been seen, even by the unwilling, to have both a crime and a great political blunder; by fatal issues to England were risked, through By an unhappy fatality, Mr. Bruce has further promised the character of England. He, in fact, made war of his own mere motion. He has this though a treaty-bearing Minister—a messe of peace. Being this he made war, that he might an invader. Thus link has been added to link chain of great crimes committed by British against China and the Chinese.

The injurer never forgives. Unjust power cially when thwarted, always rages for revenge pursues it with satanic cruelty and pride; and does so blindly and recklessly. That is the this is the situation now. *The Times* (stigmatizing as "bloody" thirty years since) clamors for revenge and does so while affording the most striking proof of its consciousness of wrong. For *The Times* this matter, has been guilty of the lie by suppression. The great question has been raised. The truth be tried; and men have to be tried, and to try themselves. Revenge, involving a wholesale slaughter involving, too, dangers to England, not only to but also European, is on one side; and on the other is justice, humanity, and a policy practically w Mr. Cardwell and Mr. Gladstone have, in the openly declared for these, as against aggression violence. They are now on their trial: how they come out of it? Shall we have more wreck reputations? more moral suicides, to swell the ca ter of fatal accidents, and to destroy all faith of in man? A new war upon the Chinese will be a infamy to England, and another step to her ruin. the sins of nations have their penal consequences here, in Time. A new war upon the Chinese in support of the folly and pride of Mr. Bruce, with Cardwell and Mr. Gladstone in the Ministry, commence with a great and opprobrious loss, name with the loss of character of public men and statesmen, than which hardly a greater calamity can upon any nation, for it is worse than a defeat in tle.—*Oxford Post.*

Decreased Consumption of Spirits in Scotland.—The decrease of four years is actually £5,000,000, or nearly a fifth part of the whole previous consumption. Here is a startling fact to the professed friends of sobriety, and assailants of the Forbes-Mackenzie Act. The decrease is even greater than appears since the increase of population must be taken into account. The people of Scotland, under the Forbes-Mackenzie Act, have scarcely drunk more than three-fourths of the quantity of spirits consumed under the old law. Thus not only has the Sabbath drunkenness been completely annulled, but the drinking of the week-days has also been largely diminished.—*Scottish Journal.*

Clerical Abstainers.—An association of the members of the clergy in England have published an address in which they pledge themselves to a total abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Rev. Dr. Close, dean of Carlisle, heads the list, which does not, however, contain the names of any of the Episcopacy. They state that they do so from a consideration of the widely-extended influence of the clergy, among all classes of society, and because they are convinced that example is better than precept, and that they will be able, by such a course, to give the liquor traffic a check that will make a great difference in the statistics of drunkenness. They expressly state that they do not urge it upon any one as a positive duty, nor do they conceive that there is any direct command in Scripture enjoining it, but consider that they are only acting in accordance with the principles of true Christianity when, for the sake of their fellow-men, they practice total abstinence among themselves.

The "James" Fund for Retiring Pastors.—The anxiety felt throughout the Congregational body that the fund now being raised for the support of retiring pastors should be worthy of the denomination, and form a worthy memorial of the great and good man whose liberality laid the foundation of the effort, is evinced by the numerous inquiries addressed to us on the subject. We are happy to inform our friends that the project will not be allowed to fade away into the regions of forgetfulness and indifference. The committee have set their mark at £20,000, and there is every reason to hope that the noble amount will eventually be subscribed. The £5,000 to which the liberality of the promoters of the fund were first limited, was all collected some weeks since, and about £2,000 have been subscribed toward the second five, with promises of the repetition of several hundsome donations toward every succeeding £5,000 which it may be attempted to raise. A general appeal to the churches, while the fragrance of Mr. James's example and liberality is yet in its freshness, and the desire to erect a suitable memorial of his care for the churches and ministers of his denomination, is fed by the emotion caused by his removal, cannot fail to meet with a generous and hearty response.—*Patriot.*

Sunday in Jail.—I awoke as usual at 6 o'clock, by the well-known sounds, and was conscious that my first Sabbath in a jail had commenced. Every other morning when I awoke, I looked forward with delight to the meeting of friends, but had not this privilege to-day, no visitors being allowed to enter the prison on the first day of the week. I scarcely left my cell all day, and yet it was not only one of the happiest days I had spent in prison, *but the happiest* I had ever enjoyed in my life. I felt an inward peace and joy possessing my soul which I could not account for on any other supposition than that I was favored with a special outpouring of the influence of the Comforter. I felt such a pressure of blessedness as made me feel as if I would not be able to contain it; and never before in my life had such an assurance confidence in an all-wise and overruling Providence. The Psalms of David had for me this day a new and peculiar charm. I was astonished that I had read them so often without feeling it. I had written before me of Drs. Wardlaw, Heugh, Brown, and Young, and they, though dead, yet spoke to me. I felt a charm in looking at their very names, and indescribable joy in reading the precious words which they had uttered long ago, and which were listened to by crowded audiences, and read with pleasure and profit by many thousands, and which still might influence for good a vast number of those who now enlighten the people, and promote the moral and spiritual welfare of this generation. The views of these good and great men were the same as my own with respect to the odious tax. I have often gazed upon their lovely forms and beautiful faces while they were on earth, but never saw them more distinctly than I did this day. Had I been an artist I could have taken their portraits, and had it not been the Lord's day I must have made the attempt. I was almost worshiping them, but was reminded of the Savior's words, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."—*Brown's Week in Jail.*

Dr. Livingstone in Africa.—We are informed that Dr. Livingstone finds it impossible to proceed up the Zambesi river much further than Tete, owing to the small power and fragile build of his steamer, which he finds altogether unable to contend with the rapid current of the river. We understand that he has written to his friends in England, urging them to send out a more powerful boat to enable him to ascend the stream, and ultimately to reach the Victoria Falls—a distance of nearly a thousand miles from the mouth of the river. The vessel which is to be sent out will probably cost three thousand pounds; and we hope that the friends of this enterprising traveler, or the Government, or both united, will not allow the cost of this necessary expense to fall on the private resources of Dr. Livingstone himself.—*Morning Star.*

Dickens and the Papists.—Mr. Dickens has had a controversy with an Ultramontane citizen of Cork, said to be an M.P. This gentleman, aggrieved by one or two articles exposing excesses in Italy, which appeared some time ago in *All the Year Round*, wrote to Mr. Dickens on the subject. Mr. Dickens, in reply, denied that the complaint was reasonable, declared that he had never "pandered to any acrimonious or intolerant feeling" against the Roman Catholic Church, and added the following well-merited thrust: "Let me, in all good humor, recommend you

which he has explored. And though the influential meeting just held at Cambridge consisted exclusively of Churchmen, and its object was to direct the movement with the Propagation Society, it is gratifying to observe how frankly and fully the origination of the plan was attributed to the impulse produced by this eminent Nonconformist missionary, and how highly he was eulogized by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford and Mr. Gladstone.—*Leeds Mercury.*

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EAST WINDSOR HILL ACADEMY.—THE Winter Term of this Institution commences on Wednesday, November 30th, and continues fifteen weeks. Mr. D. D. Leavitt, of established reputation as a teacher and discipliniarian, Principal; Miss Ellen E. Drake, Female Assistant. For circular, giving particulars, address a line to the Principal.

East Windsor Hill, Ct., Nov. 12, 1859. 573-574*

GOLDEN HILL SEMINARY FOR YOUNG Ladies, Bridgeport, Ct. For Circulars address the Principal,

572-577 MISS EMILY NELSON.

R. F. I.

THE WINTER TERM OF THE ROCKLAND Female Institute, at Nyack, on the Hudson, will commence Nov. 22nd. For admission, or circulars containing full particulars, address L. D. & C. F. MANSFIELD,
571-574* Principals.

THE MISSES ROHR'S FRENCH AND ENGLISH Boarding and Day School, No. 33 West Thirty-third street, near Fifth avenue. Private Classes for Ladies in German, French, English, and Italian. 533-584Lf

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gems of American Scenery.

WE HAVE NOW READY 150 EXQUISITE Stereoscopic Views of the most noted and beautiful American scenes. They have been prepared within the last few months by the artists of the

NEW YORK STEREOSCOPIC CO.,

and are Photographed and Colored in the very First Style; neatly mounted, with Printed Descriptions. They embrace the following:

New York and Vicinity (12)	Trenton Falls (16)
High Bridge and Harlem River (6)	Genesee Falls (15)
Greenwood Cemetery (4)	Niagara Falls (12)
Hudson River (8)	Passaic Falls (6)
West Point (5)	Philadelphia and Vicinity (12)
Saugerties and Vicinity (4)	Patapsco River (6)
Kanterskill (3)	Potomac River (6)
Cohoes (4)	Shenandoah River (3)
Lake George (7)	Harper's Ferry (3)
Saratoga Springs (4)	Washington, D. C. (12)
	Mount Vernon (3)

The above are sold at $5 per dozen, elegantly colored. A selection of 50 of the above Views, neatly put up in a case, furnished at $15; 25 Views at $8. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.

A fine collection of Groups, Views of Cities in Europe, Interiors of Palaces, Statuary, etc., etc.

Catalogues containing Drawings of Instruments sent to any address on application, inclosing a stamp.

Stereoscopes from 75 cents each to $75.

D. APPLETON & CO.,
574 Nos. 346 and 348 Broadway.

THE UNION LIGHT!

AND SELF-GENERATING

Safety Gas-Lamp!!

PATENTED JAN. 4, 1859,

Has received, as the best practical Light, the First Premium wherever exhibited; Silver Medals from the State Fairs of New York, Connecticut, and Maine, and the American Institute, New York City. Diplomas from State Fairs of Pennsylvania, Virginia, New Hampshire, and New Jersey.

A convenient and everywhere practicable

SUBSTITUTE FOR CITY GAS!

IT CHALLENGES COMPARISON IN ALL POINTS; while in the two fundamental points—

1st. UNIVERSALITY OF ADAPTATION AND APPLICATION to all conceivable pendent, standing, or portable uses; and

2d. COMPLETENESS OF COMBUSTION—consuming and converting into light, perfectly, the strong material used,

IT DEFIES COMPETITION!

Brilliancy and Economy, Convenience, Neatness, and Safety.

All combine to recommend this light to universal favor, wherever it is known.

LAMPS, BURNERS, CHANDELIERS, ETC., ETC.;

ALSO,

THE UNION LIGHT OIL,

Wholesale and Retail, at

No. 428 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Local Agents wanted in all the different parts of the Union.

STATE AND COUNTY RIGHTS FOR SALE.

Post-Office Address, (stamp inclosed,) Box 2049, New York City.

W. B. BILLINGS, General Agent.

574-2teow

WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL.—THE BEST and cheapest preparations for the hair of young and old, and which are fast superseding all others, are now prepared by the late manufacturers of those known as Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Hair Dressing, and justly celebrated as MISS TAMZAN RICHARDS' IMPROVED HAIR RESTORATIVE. Large size $1; small size 50 cents. And MISS TAMZAN RICHARDS' IMPROVED HAIR DRESSING. Large size 50 cents; small size 25 cents. For Restoring Gray Hair to its Original Color, Curing Baldness, and Beautifying and Dressing the Hair of young or old.

THEY NEITHER DYE NOR STAIN!

and are the favorites of the public.

Principal Wholesale and Retail Depot, No. 466 CANAL ST., (one door east of Hudson st.) New York, where all necessary information will be cheerfully imparted. 573-575Lf*

NEW BLANK-BOOK Establishment,

ON THE SITE OF THE OLD BRICK CHURCH,

NO. 6 BEEKMAN STREET,

NEW YORK.

STATIONERY, a good variety. ACCOUNT-BOOKS of every description on hand and made to order.

NOTES, CHECKS, DRAFTS, CERTIFICATES OF STOCK, DIPLOMAS, BILLS OF EXCHANGE, etc., etc., handsomely engraved on short notice.

Particular attention is requested to the Choice Stock of Note and Letter Papers on hand, both Imported and Domestic, which are offered to City Consumers at low prices. Also, a good assortment of Envelopes for sale cheap for cash.

571-578 PORTER FITCH.

MARSH'S PATENT ROSIN OR SUNLIGHT GAS WORKS,

FOR PUBLIC OR PRIVATE WORKS.

Patented 1858 and 1859, in the United States, Canada, and Europe. These Works are the only ones in existence that can be operated any length of time, continuously, *without opening the Retorts, and without the least deposit of carbonaceous matter*, either in the *Retorts or Pipes*; producing the CHEAPEST AND BEST illuminating Gas. Manufactured by

ALFRED MARSH & CO.,
Engineers and Contractors for the erection of Public and Private Coal or Rosin Gas Works.

OFFICE, NO. 241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For further information, call and see the Works, or send for Descriptive Circular. 570-7teow

FOR MAYOR,

Hon. George Opdyke.

Head-quarters at Thorp's Hotel, corner of Eighth street and Broadway. Citizens of all parties who are in favor of an honest administration of the City government, are invited to meet daily at this place. 574*

TO PRINTERS.

CORTELYOU'S NEW YORK TYPE FOUNDRY

AND

PRINTERS' WAREHOUSE,

(Established 1823,)

No. 29 Spruce street.

The subscriber will be happy to furnish purchasers of PRINTING MATERIALS with PLAIN and ORNAMENTAL TYPES, BORDERS, etc., made from a combination of all the hard metals so extensively puffed by founders. Also, GERMANS, GARES, HERBERTS, and a new and elegant font of AGATE MUSIC TYPE, from which *The Musical Review, Musical World, Sacred Musical Guest*, and *Tablet* are now printed, with Presses and every article required for Printing, at the very lowest price, for cash or approved paper.

Old Type taken in exchange for new, at ten cents per pound.

Second-hand Presses and Materials, and a complete Stereotype Foundry, with two Shaving Machines, for sale cheap.

☞ Printers of newspapers publishing this advertisement (including this note) three times before the 1st of January, 1860, and sending me one of the papers, will be paid for it in Printing Types, when they purchase four times the amount of their bill.

P. C. CORTELYOU.

☞ The Type on which this paper is printed is from the above foundry. 574-576

OBLIGED

TO

REMOVE.

(BUILDING TO BE TORN DOWN.)

China, Glass, Cutlery,

PLATED WARE, WAITERS, TEA TRAYS, ETC., ETC.,

Offered at

REDUCED PRICES.

Housekeepers

AND OTHERS WILL FIND THEIR INTEREST IN

BUYING

NOW!!

Davis Collamore & Co.,

NO. 447 BROADWAY,

ABOVE CANAL STREET. 574-580

LEVEES OF "THE LITTLE FAIRY,"

MISS DOLLIE DUTTON.

The smallest girl in the world of her age, 9 years old, 26 inches high, and weighing only 13 pounds, an infinitely greater curiosity than Gen. Tom Thumb. She sings the following songs, and will at each entertainment make selections from them:

1. Gentle Annie. 2. Darling Nellie Gray. 3. Nancy Till. 4. Rosalie, the Prairie Flower. 5. Old Cabin Home. 6. The Hazel Dell. 7. Willie we have missed you. 8. The Mountain Maid's Invitation. 9. O Come, Come Away. 10. Waft for the Wagon. 11. What is Home without a Mother. 12. Mary had a Little Lamb. 13. My Grandma's Advice. She will also dance the Polka at each Levee.

☞ Jenny Lillie (six years old) will at each Levee sing Kitty Clyde, Our Country Girls, and When I was Single; and dance a Scotch Horupipe. She will give Levees at Brooklyn, in the Brooklyn Institute, Monday Evening, December 5th, and EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, (except Thursday Evening,) to December 17th, inclusive, at 3 and 7½ o'clock. The well-known Vocalist and Pianist, Miss P. A. Higgins of Boston, will preside at the Piano, and sing several Ballads. Admission, 25 cents; Children 15 cents; Children in the afternoon, 10 cents.

J. H. LILLIE, Agent. ALBERT NORTON, Manager.
574-575

Thomas J. Whitcomb,

FORMERLY OF

WHITCOMB, PRENTICE & CO.,

NO. 49 BROADWAY,

MANUFACTURER OF

LADIES' FURS,

Now offers at Retail, in connection with his Wholesale Department, a full and complete assortment of

LADIES' FURS,

Comprising many New Styles. He would solicit the inspection of buyers, being confident that by so doing they will find it much to their advantage, both in Price and Quality.

THOS. J. WHITCOMB,
574-577 No. 49 Broadway.

Kelty Brothers & Lum,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

291 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 291

CHURCH WINDOW-SHADES, STORE WINDOW-SHADES, PRIVATE DWELLING WINDOW-SHADES,
LACE CURTAINS, DAMASK CURTAINS,
BROCATELLE CURTAINS,
SATIN DE LAINE CURTAINS,
BUFF, WHITE, AND GREEN HOLLAND SHADES,
GOLD BAND WINDOW-SHADES,
GILT CORNICES, BANDS, ETC.,

FOR SALE BY THE

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,

KELTY BROTHERS & LUM,

291 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 291

568-6teow

OLD SACHEM BITTERS

AND

Wigwam Tonic.

These celebrated and pleasant Bitters are highly recommended by the faculty as the purest and finest

TONIC AND STIMULANT

ever offered to the public, for

GENERAL DEBILITY, LOSS OF APPETITE, CONSTIPATION,

and other derangements of the Stomach. Indorsed as it is, and recommended by Professor Silliman of Yale College, and Professor Hays, the State Assayer of Massachusetts, and many other prominent men, it cannot fail to be appreciated by the public.

Principal Depot, No. 145 Water street. For sale everywhere.
570-582

THE GREAT BENEFACTOR OF THE HOUSEHOLD!

P. P. STEWART'S

FUEL-SAVING AND COMFORT-PRODUCING

SUMMER AND WINTER AIR-TIGHT

COOKING-STOVE,

FOR WOOD OR COAL.

IMPROVED IN 1859 WITH NEW AND EXTRA-LARGE FLUES.

The following is a brief summary of the peculiarities of

The Stewart Stove:

1st. DURABILITY.—It has been in use, in many instances, from 15 to 20 years.

2d. CAPACITY FOR WORK.—*All Culinary operations may be carried on at the same time.* In evidence of what it will accomplish, we allude to the fact that on each of several occasions *a barrel of flour has been baked into bread with a single fire.*

3d. ECONOMY IN FUEL.—So perfect is its construction, that *its cost may be saved in fuel in from 2 to 3 years.*

4th. *It does your work expeditiously and well*, and may be regulated at pleasure to *produce any temperature required in the kitchen*, without interference with the cooking.

The Stewart Stove

Has the most perfect ventilated Oven of any Stove now manufactured.

The Stewart Stove

Supplies hot water for bathing purposes more economically than any range.

The Stewart Stove

Is furnished by all agents on a trial of three months.

The Stewart Stove

Is sold in all the principal cities and towns in the Union. Small descriptive Pamphlets sent free by mail on application to the Manufacturers,

FULLER, WARREN & CO.,

TROY, N. Y.,

And sold by J. Q. A. BUTLER, 213 WATER STREET, NEW YORK; G. W. Walker, 15 Union street, Boston; C. Mitz, Chicago; S. Locke, New Orleans; G. Ellsworth & Co., Mobile. 565-577

CABINET FURNITURE.

Brooks's Cabinet Warehouse,

No. 127 FULTON STREET,

BROOKLYN.

RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK CITY, AS WELL as Brooklyn, also those from any part of the country, may be assured that in selecting their furniture from this establishment, they will be perfectly satisfied as to quality and price. Our assortment consists of Drawing-Room, Library, Dining-Room, and Chamber suites in Rosewood, Ebony, Walnut, Mahogany, and Oak, of the greatest variety of design, both modern and antique, elaborate and plain. For durability, workmanship, and finish, we can refer to those who have favored us with their patronage for the last twenty years. Owing to our facilities for importing goods direct from Paris, we are prepared to furnish

CURTAINS AND CURTAIN MATERIALS

of all descriptions, including Lace, Muslin, Brocatelle, Delaine, Reps, Cotcline, etc., at the lowest prices.

Pure Hair Mattresses, Spring Under-Beds, etc., etc. Goods delivered in New York free of charge. Particular attention paid to boxing and shipping Furniture for any part of the country.

564-589 T. BROOKS.

A WET NURSE WANTED.—A HEALTHY RESpectable person having a comfortable home not far from the city of New York, to take an infant two months old to wet-nurse. Must have satisfactory references.

574* Address P. G., Post-Office, New York.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT FOR A CHRISTIAN FRIEND.

The Place of Prayer;

OR,

STEREOSCOPIC ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE

FULTON-STREET PRAYER-MEETING.

"There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend.
Though sundered far by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat."

A series of twelve pictures beautifully executed and inclosed in a neat and convenient box.

No. 1.	The North Dutch Church.	Distant view of front and part of spire from William street looking north.
No. 2.	" "	View of the south side.
No. 3.	" "	General view of the front from the corner of Fulton street.
No. 4.	" "	The principal entrance on William street.
No. 5.	" "	Interior view. The pulpit and middle aisle from the main entrance.
No. 6.	" "	Interior view of pulpit and Harpending Tablet from the North Gallery.
No. 7.	" "	Interior view. The organ and choir from the North Gallery.
No. 8.	Entrance to the consistory rooms, in which the business men's prayer-meeting is held.	
No. 9.	The first half hour.	
No. 10.	The middle lecture-room, in which the prayer-meetings are now held.	
No. 11.	The Book of Requests.	
No. 12.	The Envelopes.	

Price for the set	$4 50
" " Colored	6 00
Single pictures of the set	50
" " Colored	62

Just published and for sale by

E. ANTHONY,
No. 306 Broadway, New York.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN STEREOSCOPIC EMPORIUM.

An extensive and varied assortment of American and Foreign Views and Groups always on hand at the *lowest prices* and of the *best quality*.

New invoices received per every arrival from Europe. Having agents in England and France, we are certain to receive the latest views published in either country and our stock will be found both extensive and well selected. A LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Parties at a distance sending us $3, $5, $10, $15, $20, or $25, can have a good instrument and such pictures as they may request sent by express.

All orders will be executed with care, and our friends may depend upon receiving a good and satisfactory selection.

Merchants from every section of the country are respectfully invited to make an examination of our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

A circular will be forwarded to any address on application.

E. ANTHONY,
574 No. 306 Broadway, New York.

MICROSCOPES AND MICROSCOPIC OBJECTS —Magic Lanterns and Sliders—Mathematical Instruments, separate and in cases—Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views—Surveyer's Compasses—Barometers—Astronomical Telescopes—Galvanic Batteries—Odometers—Platina Points—Tape Measures—Surveying Chains—Landscape Mirrors—Linen Provers—Spy-Glasses—Lenses—Levels—Spectacles

Editors' Book Table.

Devotional Hymns and Hymns from the Land of Luther.—A new and beautiful edition of this favorite selection of hymns, choicely bound in flexible calf. Published by A. D. F. Randolph. It still retains its deserved popularity.

Also by the same publisher, a revised and enlarged edition of *The Mother's Hymn-Book*, so favorably known, in maternal circles, as the compilation of Mr. Thomas Hastings of this city.

Cobbin's Child's Commentary on the Bible.—The plan of this work is, by means of narrative and illustration, founded upon Biblical incidents, manners, and customs, to make the Bible intelligible and attractive to the mind of a child, and at the same time to convey its doctrines in simple language, and to apply them to the wants and experiences of youth. Mr. Randolph has published a new and revised edition, in two volumes handsomely illustrated. It makes a beautiful and useful holiday gift.

A new edition of Dr. Emmons' works is just published by the Congregational Board, Boston. This edition has been thoroughly revised. The dates of sermons, when known, have been prefixed, and the sermons have been rearranged, it is believed, upon a better classification of topics. The two vols. of Systematic Theology have been enlarged by the addition of over 400 pages not embraced in the previous edition, including nearly twenty sermons never before published, by which the topics are made more nearly full and complete, and new and important topics are presented. Each of the remaining vols. to be published will also be enlarged by new sermons from manuscript. The whole work will be comprised in six vols. of about 800 pp. each, and will contain, besides the usual tables of contents, an index of all topics incidentally discussed, of definitions of theological terms as employed by the author, and a complete list of all passages of Scripture explained in the course of the work. Every theological student who would think closely and write clearly, should make himself familiar with Emmons; but if he would carry the hearts of men with him in his preaching, he must be careful not to become an Emmonite.

Messrs. Sheldon & Company of this city have purchased some of the most valuable of the stereotype plates formerly owned by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. of Boston. Among the number are *Dr. Wayland's Intellectual Philosophy*, and his Memoir of Dr. Adomiam Judson, the standard life of that estimable missionary. *Mr. Beecher's Life Thoughts*, of which 35,000 have been sold, have passed into their hands. We predict for this work an undiminished popularity for ten years to come. The original *Rollo Books*, of which there have been sold in the last four years 127,000 volumes. Besides these popular works of Mr. Jacob Abbot, Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have the promise of new volumes from his fertile and fascinating pen. The same house will publish *Sunny Side Series*, among which are "*Iron Thorpe*," "*City Side*," "*Father Brighthope*," etc., "*Neighbor Jackwood*" and "*Martin Merrivale*," by the author of "Father Brighthope," and "The Earnest Man," by Mrs. Conant. The publishers may well be proud of these additions to their already valuable list.

Bible History in Connection with the General History of the World. By Rev. W. G. Blackie, A.M. T. Nelson & Sons, London and New York.

Mr. Blackie does not attempt to settle questions of chronology still in dispute among *savans*, and especially in the various schools of Egyptology. In his marginal references he follows the old Hebrew Chronology, or Usher's, though he expresses a decided preference for the Chronology of the Septuagint. And so throughout his work, upon points involving unsettled questions of history or science, he avoids committing himself to positive opinions, but states with fairness the views of leading authorities. This is a good feature in a work designed for popular use.

The author has evidently studied to good purpose the best authorities upon Biblical History and Geography, and cognate themes; and he has prepared an instructive and serviceable volume, which should be a household companion in the study of the Bible.

An Exposition of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. By Charles Hodge, D.D. New York: Carter & Bros.

This work is marked by the same traits which were indicated in our notice of Prof. Hodge's Commentaries on the Ephesians and the first Epistle to the Corinthians. The author keeps up the logical connection of the text, following its course of thought; gives a brief exegetical comment upon each particular clause or phrase; dwells occasionally upon the derivation of words, or grammatical idioms; and interweaves pertinent doctrinal and practical observations, in a sententious style which never wearies. Dr. Hodge is so good a scholar, and so clear and strong a writer, that his mature utterances upon any part of the Scriptures will be prized by all students. The Epistles to the Corinthians do not furnish the same opportunity for theological dogmatizing which he found in that to the Romans. We are glad to find his admission that the *Church* of Corinth in its collective capacity, had full power of discipline.

Memorials of Dr. Alexander.—Mr. Randolph, 683 Broadway, has published in a neat pamphlet the sermons preached by Rev. Drs. Hodge and Hall of Princeton, in memory of the late Dr. J. W. Alexander. Also, the last discourse preached by Dr. Alexander himself in the Fifth-avenue church. This is a very earnest and affectionate warning to his congregation of the responsibility and peril of neglecting the ministry of the Word. It is based upon the words, "Bring me up Samuel,"—and some of the closing passages are thrilling—even startling now, as though the preacher had come back from the grave.

Dr. A.'s "Plain Words to a Young Communicant," and his "Lessons of the Revival," published by the same house, are among the most valuable memorials of his ministry. They will be found useful in any congregation.

The Money King, and Other Poems. By John G. Saxe. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The thousands who have been entertained with the public recitation of Mr. Saxe's principal poems at various Commencements and Lyceums, will delight to recall those cheerful hours by reading this volume, especially in a circle where the poet's manner is familiar. But Mr. Saxe is not merely the poet of satire and fun;—he blends with his verse many a beautiful touch of affection, and fine strokes of pathos offset the freer dashes of his humor. Some of his minor poems gracefully combine these two elements. In mechanical execution the volume is a gem.

Ancient Dominions of Maine. By Rufus King Sewall. Bath: Elisha Clark & Co.

This is a thorough work, and presents the results of much careful investigation. The author is quite familiar with his field, and his researches are an important contribution to early American history. The work is for sale in this city by Mr. Richardson, 348 Broadway, at whose office may be found the Historical Magazine, and a choice collection of rare and valuable works pertaining to the history of the United States.

Bayard Taylor.—This gentleman has just returned from his California tour, and delivers his first lecture of the season on Friday evening next, at the Cooper Institute. Subject—The Life of Alexander von Humboldt.

Commercial and Financial.

Paying for Money and Getting Cheated.

The love of money is said to be the root of all evil. So great is that love in a majority of cases, that almost any price is paid for it. We propose briefly to discuss the matter and show that money, like other things, is often bought too dearly.

When a man in the pursuit of wealth sacrifices moral principle in order to insure success, he gets cheated.

When he pursues a business, however remunerative, which he knows is undermining his health, he gets cheated.

When he *habitually* devotes so many hours to labor that he has no time to give to his family and friends, to reading and mental and moral culture, he gets cheated.

When he makes money by rum-selling, or any other traffic which works mischief in the community, he gets cheated.

When he ignores *all* "outside matters," and is determined to make money anyhow, leaving religion, politics, friends, benevolent objects, and "everybody to take care of themselves," he gets cheated.

When he finds that making money in *his fashion* excludes him from the society of all truly good men, he gets cheated.

When he is determined, in old age, to give himself no rest or relaxation, but work on, grasping for more, more, more, he gets cheated.

When he has money enough to satisfy any reasonable being, and should haul in sail and devote *some* of his best energies to doing good,—but won't do it and works on,—he gets cheated.

When he finds his hard-earned wealth is injuring both himself and family, that his children are growing up in idleness, and that they are all "good for nothing" to the world, it is evident that he has got cheated.

When his devotion to money-making costs him restless nights, ill health, loss of appetite, bad temper, envy and jealousy, the growth of pride, idolatry of gold, a stingy or sour disposition, and the hatred or indifference of good society, all we have to say is, even if he has gained the whole world, he has got abominably cheated.

Don't, therefore, pay too much for money. It will not furnish you all you desire. It will not insure you good health. It will not enrich your mind. It will not enrich the heart. It will not deliver you from danger. It will not follow you beyond the grave. It will not save your soul. Don't, therefore, we pray you, in getting gold, sacrifice your principles, your health, your friends, your good name, the best interests of your family, or your soul, for if you do, you are cheated for time and cheated for eternity. *Don't get cheated.*

Meanness Illustrated.

We took occasion last week to expose the mean and uncalled-for attack of *The Merchants' and Manufacturers' Journal* on the Continental Insurance Co. There are some circumstances connected with this affair which should be known in order to be duly appreciated. It seems that the slanderous article referred to has been inserted in various papers in the country, and *circulated* among the patrons of the Continental, with special intent to do mischief. It is said that a leading New York Insurance Company is at the bottom of this small business, but we don't think it worth while, this week, to publish the name. We shall not hesitate to do so, however, as soon as we obtain a few more facts, if we can see that by so doing, any good will be the result.

And now we wish to say plainly and unqualifiedly to some Ten Thousand merchants, bankers, and business men in all parts of the country, who take *The Independent*, and also to our other subscribers and readers, numbering in all not less probably than one hundred thousand, that the Continental Insurance Company has a cash capital paid in of $500,000, besides a cash surplus of $400,000; that its officers and directors are men of high social position and high business standing, and so high above the reach of assault that nothing but the venom of slander can touch them, or the corporation with which they are connected.

We have known personally the history of the Continental Insurance Company from the day of its organization to the present time, and therefore can speak plainly. A better, safer, more prosperous, or better managed institution does not exist either in New York or America, and its equitable mode of insuring by dividing three-fourths of the profits of its business to its customers, which profits are to be funded until the capital is doubled, is constantly enhancing the solidity and reliability of the company, and renders its policies absolutely the cheapest as well as the most secure. Now, Messrs. Slanderers, what do you say?

Pacific Mail Steam-ship Company.

This mammoth concern is in a fair way now to go into liquidation, and return to its stockholders the whole capital invested, with a considerable surplus besides—amounting in all, it is believed, to about 125. The directors of the Pacific Mail Company have shown great wisdom in taking the bold step they have. That it will satisfy the stockholders, there is not the shadow of a doubt. They have received enormous dividends for three years past—say 75 per cent.—and now can "close up" at a high premium.

There is no reason whatever why the Pacific mail stock should not now sell above par. If there are any dissatisfied parties among its stockholders, they can doubtless be accommodated with a *few shares* of the new Vanderbilt stock at fair prices. It will undoubtedly prove a good investment, as there is to be no opposition. No grumbling, therefore, gentlemen, as you can now enlist under the leadership of the great, grand, unterrified, unflinching, gallant, princely Commodore *himself*—on whose banner is always written—*opposition* and—*victory*.

Items.

. . . R. H. Haycock, Cashier of the Market Bank, has been appointed Cashier of the Fulton Bank.

. . . Rock Island Railroad earned, the third week in November, $23,037. The figures last year were $18,800.

. . . Erie Railroad stock is looking up since the decision to pay the interest on the first mortgage bonds.

. . . Sight exchange on New York is quoted in Chicago at 2 per cent. premium for currency.

. . . Counterfeit $2 bills on the Bank of Lambertville, New Jersey, are now in circulation. Look out.

. . . The Yankees, it is said, are coining money in the manufacture and sale of rifles and muskets for the South.

. . . The Boston papers announce the suspension of Robinson, Wiggin & Co., commission merchants.

. . . The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, with all its branches, amounting to about 1,000 miles, is now in full operation.

. . . The last steamer from California brings information that Col. J. C. Fremont's great case, involving his right to the precious metals in his lands, was then being argued.

. . . The Washington Marine Ins. Co. is the name of a new corporation about being organized by some of the solid men of this city.

. . . The Bank of England has now only $80,000,000 of specie. The demand for coin from the Continent is large and steady.

. . . Among the creditors of Uncle Sam abroad are Lord Overstone, to whom we owe $350,000; a Spanish lady, Merced de Laseca, $200,000; brother of the King of Naples, $75,000, and his niece, the daughter of Bombs, $50,000. Also, smaller sums to the late Duchess of Orleans, Count Rossi, Paul Julien, Tocqueville, Lord Macaulay, Baring Brothers, and Lord Elgin.

Money Market.

The supply of money continues easy for the best securities; but the characteristic of the market is still to extreme caution, and the difficulty of placing funds does not lead to speculation or relaxation of scrutiny in the securities offered. On Monday, the failure of a cotton merchant was announced, with considerable liabilities. The firm is McConochie & Co. of Broad street. The recent movement in the cotton trade has been adverse to cotton speculators for a rise. The banks have been calling in some of their loans, but the returns of last week's business show no contraction of moment, the decrease being only $97,473, while the specie in bank ran down $900,000, and the deposits $1,111,366. Since then, California specie supplies have reached us to the extent of $1,700,000, while the exports of specie have been trifling. Favorite borrowers obtain loans as low as 4 to 4½ per cent. The general market is, however, 5 to 6 per cent. Prime indorsed paper of short dates is hardly to be found. The offerings are chiefly of four to six months' dates, at 7 per cent. The banks discount all good paper offered, leaving little except long dated and single-named paper to the brokers. For this description of paper, the rates have an upward tendency, and are mostly taken at 8 to 9 per cent., with a brokerage in addition.

Foreign exchange has been inactive. The leading drawers have themselves been large buyers of Southern bills and commercial exchange, having largely oversold within the last month. The good supply of these bills has lessened the shipping demand for specie; though the arrival of a fresh supply of California bar gold will occasion a renewed shipment this week.

The bankers are buying at 109¼ to 109¾ for sterling bills, selling their own bills at 109¾ to 110. Belmont still sells sight bills largely, and takes the lead in French exchange. The sixty-day bill system originated in times of long voyages, before the age of steam. The time will gradually contract to bear proportion to the short voyages of modern times. Sight or short-sight bills are more in accordance with the growing spirit of the times. Long voyages necessitate long credits, and short voyages need only short credits. The interest of American trading will be greatly promoted by the contraction of the old sixty-day usance. Why should cash be paid here to bankers for a sixty-day bill, when any good steamer can carry that cash over in ten days? The era of sight drafts is looming up, and that of sixty-day drafts will have to pass away.

Stocks.

The stock market has been for the most part steady during the week. The chief excitement has been in the stock of the Pacific Mail Steam-ship Co., which has fluctuated violently and considerably. Reports have been spread about the sale of the Company's property to Commodore Vanderbilt, which is now likely to occur. The stock has of late become a pure fancy one, and has been sold short to some extent, while large purchases have been made for cash. Yet it is said that those who are buying for cash to keep up the market are selling on time in order to get rid of what is believed to have been galvanized. The officers of the Company are mum, and no clue can be obtained from them of what is going forward; while speculators are putting into circulation reports to suit their interests—as longs or shorts. Erie securities—both stock and bonds—have also risen considerably under some *reported* movement by the English holders. The daily reports in both these securities are to be viewed with distrust. Regular investment stocks are firm.

Dry Goods.

Though the season is so far advanced, there is still a moderate business doing—more in domestic than in foreign fabrics. The Southern houses are making purchases of spring goods, and the clothiers are also buying material for spring clothing. The auction sales are over, and business is now limited to private trade and leading jobbers. Shawls, and heavy clothing generally, are yet in some demand. Importations are not falling off, nor likely to. The movement in domestic goods is steady. A regular demand for export exists of our staple cottons, and prices are steady. Prints are in reduced stock at the close of a heavy and profitable season. Delaines are moderately active, and are sold in anticipation of arrival. Fancy cassimeres are very active. Desirable goods are firm in price, but there is a large supply of miscellaneous qualities which are not so steady. Cloths are dull. Shawls are in large stock, and are yielding a little in price. The home manufacturers are fully employed, and enjoy a period of prosperity which exceeds that of late years considerably. The price of raw cotton is rather tending downwards, which will keep goods from advancing in price to the trade. The spring trade promises to open with a good supply, at moderate prices, and with a good demand.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

Wednesday, Nov. 30th.

TOTAL RECEIPTS OF ALL KINDS.

	Cattle.	Cows.	Veals.	Sheep.	Swine.
Allerton's	3,177	23	416	1,474	....
Browning's	79	26	83	5,367	....
O'Brian's	32	67	88	2,970	....
Chamberlain's	61	27	85	3,300	....
Total	3,369	141	672	13,111	14,405
Total last week	3,200	172	602	13,482	10,459
Increase	169	19	70	.....	3,947
Decrease	.....	.....	.....	371	.....

REMARKS ON BEEF CATTLE.

The business to-day and yesterday was more active, and drovers expected to advance prices, yet we think the average prices, quality considered, is about the same as last week. Some fine extra sold as high as 10½c., but the general sales were from 6 to 10c.; average 8c. The feeling, however, was rather better, and drovers say that on the whole prices show an improvement on last week. At Bergen, N. J., 953 head sold to New York butchers.

VEALS.

The demand for prime stock is good at full rates; other grades are dull. We quote at 5@7c. ℔ lb.

MILCH COWS.

A better demand prevails at rather higher figures. We quote at $30@$70. Milkmen are the buyers. Some excellent stock is on sale.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

The business is active at full rates. Sales of sheep at $2@$5 50, and for extra at $6@$12 each. A fine lot of Fort Plain sheep were selling at $8 each. The drove was 85 head. Sales by McGraw & O'Brian of 2,657 head for $8,820 80. By R. H. Hume, 1,590 head for $3 56 each. By J. E. Larkin, 752 head for $2,381 55. By Belles & Kent, 625 head at an average per head of $3 79.

SWINE.

At the Western Yards 7,205 head were on sale, including 1,069 received by the Erie road, 5,942 by Hudson River Railroad, and 194 by Pennsylvania Central do. At all yards the receipts made over 12,000. We quote at 6¾c. gross for extra corn-fed, and other grades at 5¼@5¾c.

REVIEW OF THE MARKETS.

November 30, 1859.

Ashes.—Prices are without change. A fair inquiry prevails. Sales of 500 bbls. at $5 12½ for Pots and $5 25 for Pearls.

Cotton.—The market has been dull and rather heavy. In some cases New Orleans Uplands have sold as low as 11c. per lb. The sales have been 5,000 bales, including two-thirds in transits.

The following is a statement of the movement in Cotton since the 1st of September last, as compared with the previous four years:

	1859.	1858.	1857.	1856.	1855.
Rec. at P'ts	1,236,000	1,091,000	510,000	844,000	840,000
Ex. to G. B.	437,000	262,000	201,000	148,000	282,000
" France	109,000	135,000	48,000	71,000	96,000
" other F. P.	50,000	51,000	33,000	40,000	63,000
T'tal exports	596,000	448,000	282,000	259,000	441 000
St'k on hand.	650,000	580,000	261,000	470,000	402,000

Of which during the past week, included in the above:

Rec. at P'ts	147,000	129,000	95,000	111,000	116,000
Ex. to G. B.	61,000	26,000	40,000	26,000	17,000
" France	13,000	21,000	18,000	7,000	17,000
" other F. P.	10,000	16,000	6,000	9,000	7,000
Total Exports	84,000	63,000	64,000	42,000	41,000

We quote

NEW YORK CLASSIFICATION.

	Uplands.	Florida.	Mobile.	N. O. and Texas.
Ordinary	8¾	8¾	8¾	8¾
Middling	11¼	11¼	11¼	11¾
Middling fair	11¾	11¾	12¼	12¾
Fair	12	12	12½	13

Flour and Meal.—The upward tendency in our market for Western and State Flour, so noticeable for some time past, has been still more marked the past week than at any time this season. The speculative demand has improved, and there has been more inquiry for shipment. The very favorable news from Europe and the low rates of freight have imparted much buoyancy and activity to the market, and prices have improved daily; and should the news from Europe continue favorable, as many are confident of, these prices will be sustained. Our stock has accumulated rapidly, and is now not far from 700,000 bbls., with a prospect of adding to it fully 150,000 bbls. ere the middle of December. Of this we can spare one-half, but our surplus for export will prove *much less* than we had expected in September and October. There is a greater deficiency in the yield of Winter Wheat than we had expected, and as the stock of Old was everywhere small, the consumption commenced at once on New. Canadian Flour is in small stock, and has advanced and closes with an upward tendency. Southern Flour has gradually improved, with a fair local and shipping demand. The arrivals have increased, but the stock is quite small for the season, and the tendency is to higher rates, especially for the lower grades—these are saleable. Rye Flour has been in fair demand, and is firm. Corn Meal has declined, and closes heavily, in sympathy with the decline in Corn. Buckwheat Flour has been in request, and has improved, with free sales at $2 12 to $2 37½ ℔ 100 lbs.

Grain.—The Wheat market has been excited since our last. The arrivals have been large, but with favorable news from Europe prices have advanced 4 to 6c. per bush., with a speculative demand at the advance; but the inquiry for export has abated, owing to the advanced prices demanded and a further improvement in freights. The latest news from Europe we regard as quite favorable for a good demand for our breadstuffs during the winter months, at very full rates, more especially after the holidays. At the close the market is quiet. Rye has been in request, and is firm at the advance. Barley has declined, and closes dull, especially common qualities. Oats have fluctuated, and close heavy and inactive at our quotations. Corn has declined. New arrives freely, and being in better order, is taking the place of Old. The latter has declined, and is very slow of sale. *New* Western Mixed from the cob is in fair demand, and is saleable at 79 to 80c. in bulk. Old is nominal. Canadian Peas are better, and in demand for export at 77 to 80c. White Beans are in fair request at 100 to 110c.

Hops.—There is a fair demand for home use. The daily sales average 60 bales at 12 to 16c. for '59s. Old are moderately active. Sales of '57s at 6 to 7c.

Provisions.—The past week has been marked by rapid changes in our Pork Market. An advance of $1 25 per bbl. has been established on Mess and Prime, at which the market closes buoyantly—mainly to be attributed to the concentration of the stock in few hands;—this, however, is speculative, and it is very uncertain if these prices are sustained, as at a material advance the consumption would be greatly diminished, and the season is getting late. The speculative transactions of the past year have been exceedingly disastrous, using up the capital of many large dealers, and from the West we learn that the same foolish game is to be played over again; this cannot fail to be ruinous to all parties. The stock of Mess Pork in the country is large, but we are without supplies of Bacon and Prime Mess. The latter will be wanted at $14 50 to $15 50, and the former at 7¾ to 8¼c. Beef has arrived freely, and has sold readily at rather better rates. Prime Mess is firm, and in fair demand at $19 to $20. Beef Hams have ruled quiet, and are plenty; at the close holders are firmer. Cut Meats have ruled quiet; the abundance of cheap Poultry in market dimishing the consumption of fresh Pork, and prices are nominal. Dressed Hogs are dull and plenty at 6½ to 7c. Bacon is inactive at 8 to 8¾c. for future delivery. Lard has declined slightly, with only a moderate home and export demand; the inquiry for the future has fallen off. Butter has been in fair demand, and is steady. Cheese is quiet; the demand for export has fallen off.

Seeds.—The demand for Clover seed is light at 8 to 8¾c. Timothy seed is scarce at @2 50 to @2 62½ per bush. Rough Flax seed is scarce at $1 55 per bush.

Wool.—The market is quiet but firm for all descriptions. The inquiry, though limited, is equal to the supply. The sales include 70,000 lbs. Common to extra Full Blood Native fleece at 40 to 65c.; 30,000 lbs. California do. at 12¾ to 40c.; 50,000 lbs. Pulled at 38 to 52c. for super City Lambs' and extra Country Saxony; and 64 bales Mestiza at 20¾ to 21¾c., less a small discount off for cash.

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FOR THE RELIEF AND CURE OF SUFFERING FEMALES.

Climate and the sedentary habits of female life, superinduce a multiplicity of diseases and weaknesses, that turn life into sadness, and pleasure into universal pain. It is estimated seven-tenths of all American females are suffering with some kind of disease peculiar to the sex. A good medicine must be their best friend. When everything has been tried, the best physicians consulted, years spent in anguish and fortunes wasted, Marchisi's Catholicon has restored health to the patient, and gladness to the fireside. Numerous letters testify that it is NEVER TAKEN WITHOUT BENEFIT.

"Having now used the remedy for four years in my practice I rely wholly on it for the cure of almost all female diseases. I remain yours, etc.,

"H. F. BENNETT, M.D., Canandaigua, N. Y."

Mrs. A. Morrison, Utica, N. Y., says—"It is twelve years since I have realized an hour of health. Part of the time it seemed I could not live, and I certainly did not desire to. * * * I am cured—am well again. I cannot say enough for this Catholicon."

"I have used the Catholicon in my practice for four years with the most astonishing success.

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Peruvian Syrup,

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Note.—The failure of IRON as a remedy for **Dyspepsia**, a bad state of the blood, and the numerous diseases caused thereby, has arisen from the want of such a preparation of Iron as shall enter the stomach in a protoxide state, and assimilate at once with the blood. This want the PERUVIAN SYRUP supplies, containing, as it does, Iron in the only form in which it is possible for it to enter the circulation. For this reason the PERUVIAN SYRUP often radically cures diseases in which other preparations of Iron and other medicines have been found to be of no avail.

Certificate of A. A. Hayes, M.D., of Boston.

It is well known that the medicinal effects of Protoxide of Iron are lost by even a very brief exposure to air, and that to maintain a solution of Protoxide of Iron, without further oxidation, has been deemed impossible.

In the PERUVIAN SYRUP this desirable point is attained by combination in a way before unknown; and this solution may replace all the proto-carbonates, citrates, and tartrates of the Materia Medica.

A. A. HAYES, Assayer to the state of Mass.,
No. 16 Boylston street, Boston.

Certificate of James R. Chilton, M.D., of New York.

A medicinal preparation has been placed in my hands, called "PERUVIAN SYRUP." The main active ingredient in its composition is a salt of the Protoxide of Iron, which is so judiciously combined and protected that it does not undergo any change by exposure to the air. It is well known to medical men that preparations of Iron, where the metal exists in the state of Protoxide, are the most active for internal use, and that consequently it may be given in quantities so small as not to disturb the stomach of delicate patients.

It is equally well known that it has been found very difficult to preserve in a palatable form, for a desirable length of time, compounds of the Protoxide of Iron. The PERUVIAN SYRUP, I am pleased to say, will be found to have accomplished this desirable end. JAMES R. CHILTON, M.D., Chemist.

No. 93 Prince street, New York, Aug. 8, 1859.

The following certificate is from well-known citizens of Boston:

The undersigned, having experienced the beneficial effects of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, do not hesitate to recommend it to the attention of the public.

Rev. John Pierpont,	Peter Harvey,
Thomas A. Dexter,	James C. Dunn,
S. H. Kendall, M.D.,	Samuel May,
Thomas C. Amory,	Rev. Thos. Whittemore.

Testimonials from Clergymen.

Rev. Warren Burton: I do not hesitate to recommend the PERUVIAN SYRUP to any whose habits render them liable to Headache, Dyspeptic Complaints, Neuralgia, Nervous Affections, and General Debility.

Professor E. Vitalis Schaub: For all the Protean forms of disease, and innumerable complaints that are comprehended under the popular but somewhat vague terms of Nervousness and Dyspepsia, I believe the PERUVIAN SYRUP to be a veritable specific.

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Letter from S. H. Kendall, M.D., Boston, Jan. 22, 1859: I was for many years afflicted with Liver Complaint, of which I was cured in 1854 by the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and have enjoyed perfect health ever since. S. H. KENDALL, M.D.

Letter from Francis Dana, M.D., Boston, June 7, 1859: I have been relieved of a Catarrhal Affection, consequent on Bronchitis, by the use of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and I would recommend it where a tonic and alterative effect is desired.

FRANCIS DANA, M.D.

Letter from Lewis Johnston, M.D., of Horton, N. S., Feb. 1, 1859: My experience of the PERUVIAN SYRUP satisfies me that it is a valuable remedy for diseases usually classed under the general terms of Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, and Neuralgia. I have also found it useful in Rheumatic Affections and Hemorrhage of the Lungs. LEWIS JOHNSTON, M.D.

Letter from Jeremiah Stone, M.D., of Provincetown, Mass., Dec. 30, 1858: I have used the PERUVIAN SYRUP in my practice for fifteen months, and it has fulfilled my most sanguine expectations. It is the *beau ideal* of a preparation of Iron, and as such I feel it to be a duty to recommend it to all medical practitioners. I have also used the Syrup in a remarkable case of **Scrofulous Affection** of the bones and periosteum combined, which affected a complete restoration to health. For such diseases as this I consider the Syrup an invaluable medicine.

JEREMIAH STONE, M.D.

Letter from W. R. Chisholm, M.D., New Bedford, Dec. 25, 1858: I have employed the PERUVIAN SYRUP successfully in cases of **Dyspepsia, Chronic Diarrhœa, Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, Erysipelas, Boils, and Diseases of the Skin**; also **Chlorosis, Leucorrhœa, Prolapsus Uteri,** and in **Female Complaints** generally. As an alterative tonic the Syrup ought to be used by clergymen, editors, cash-officers, clerks, lawyers, and others who use their brains more than their muscles, as well as operatives, printers, tailors, shoemakers, seamstresses, and all those whose occupation confines them in ill-ventilated and overheated rooms, who are liable to suffer more or less from nervous debility. W. R. CHISHOLM, M.D.

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Agriculture and Horticulture.

A Course of Instruction on the above subjects, by eminent Agriculturists and Horticulturists, in connection with Professors in Yale College, will commence Feb. 1, 1860, and continue one month. Among others, Marshall P. Wilder, Cassius M. Clay, J. Hanlon Gould, Henry F. French, Levi Bartlett, Dr. C. W. Grant, Donald G. Mitchell, and Profs. Silliman, Porter, and Johnson, will take part in this course of instruction. Three Lectures, followed by discussions, will be given each day. The general distribution of subjects will be as follows:

First Week, Science; Second Week, Horticulture; Third Week, Agriculture proper; Fourth Week, Domestic Animals. This course is especially designed for young farmers throughout the country.

Tickets for any single week, $5. For the whole course of *eighty* lectures, $10.

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It is now conceded they are the best purgative yet put forth from the world of medicine. The time will surely arrive when they will supersede all other purgatives whatever. The ingredients of which they are composed can scarcely be obtained by druggists or the makers of other pills. Dr. Brandreth has them grown and prepared without regard to the expense. And this care to make a superior purgative is appreciated, as the sales indicate. Other purgatives are dragging a flickering existence. And yet they may have some merit. But Brandreth's Pills are safe and sure—safe, because they operate solely on impure humors. No valuable fluid is touched; only effete or worn-out material, which, when taken out of the body, leaves it stronger. They are as pleasant as a truly effective medicine can be. To say that they will not sometimes give pain would not be true, but the pain they give is only because they remove those crude and bad humors from the blood which are the occasion of disease. They open nature's avenues, and this cannot always be done pleasantly.

It is true you may take purgatives which will operate without pain, because they take the balsamic parts from the blood, which is worse than being bled, worse than having the vital fluid abstracted. Beware of them. Brandreth's Pills only take hold of those matters which the body, when sick, wants to evacuate. They are solely an assistant of nature—nothing more, nothing less. The do not force; they merely assist; and herein is their great value. The man is thrice blessed who is so fortunate as to be acquainted with this good and almost perfect gift to man, because he has to a great extent his body insured in health by their occasional use.

Mr. J. C. Rappelyea of Monmouth county, N. J., writes, March 19, 1859:

"I was troubled in January last with costiveness for several days, and took ten grains of calomel to obtain relief. I caught cold, I suppose; at any rate, a severe diarrhea set in, which my medical attendant found it impossible to arrest. This was followed by dysentery. My strength was all gone. Everything passed through me as I took it. A friend from New York, Mr. George Lewis, fortunately called on me, and advised Brandreth's Pills. I thought in my weak condition one pill would be enough, but he administered four, and the next morning four more. Much impurity came from me, and, to my surprise, the soreness and pain diminished. One box cured me fully. I am now hearty, with a fine appetite."

Dr. James Lull of Potsdam, N. Y., writes,